

# SUNDAY MAGAZINE

OF THE **Boston Sunday Post** PART 5  
20 PAGES



Edith and Mary, — Sir Nigel, page 5.



# MOGUL



**T**HE Mogul is to-day the largest selling high-grade Egyptian cigarette. Ask any experienced smoker why he prefers this brand, and he will tell you that he finds only in them the mildness he insists upon and the flavor and fragrance he most enjoys.

Mogul Egyptian Cigarettes have alone succeeded in combining these desirable qualities. The secret lies in the blend, and in the careful, expert selection of the most delicately aromatic leaf grown in Turkey. Expert Egyptian workmen add the shape that most appeals to the connoisseur.—S. ANARGYROS.

Plain or Cork Tips—10 for 15 cents

## EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES



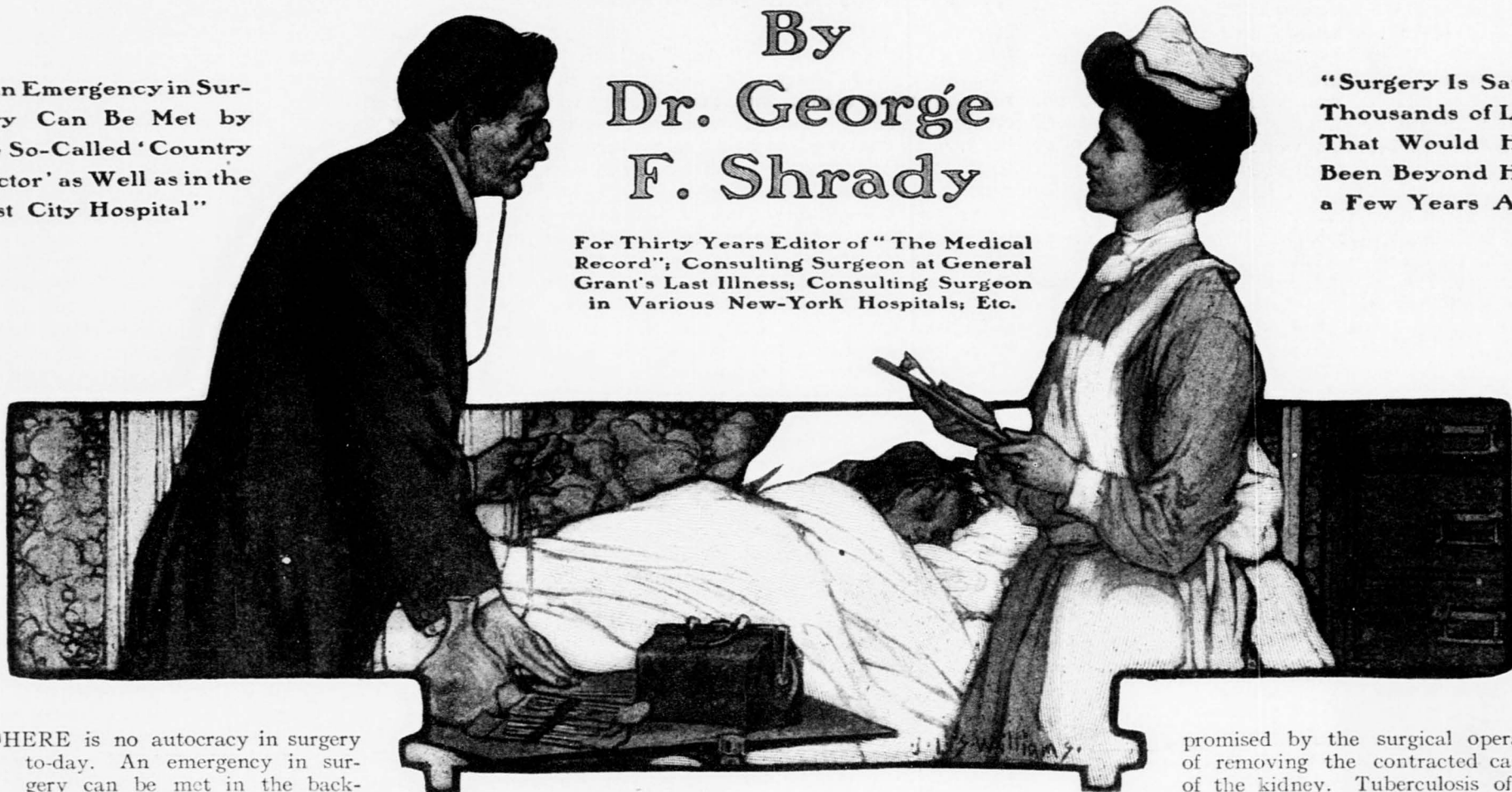
# THE MAGIC OF MODERN SURGERY

"An Emergency in Surgery Can Be Met by the So-Called 'Country Doctor' as Well as in the Best City Hospital"

By  
**Dr. George  
F. Shrady**

For Thirty Years Editor of "The Medical Record"; Consulting Surgeon at General Grant's Last Illness; Consulting Surgeon in Various New-York Hospitals; Etc.

"Surgery Is Saving Thousands of Lives That Would Have Been Beyond Hope a Few Years Ago"



THERE is no autocracy in surgery to-day. An emergency in surgery can be met in the back-woods by a so-called "country doctor" as well as in the best city hospital. This is due to the simplification of methods; the splendid work of the postgraduate schools and the ready and general dissemination of knowledge through the various medical periodicals and the numerous surgical text-books.

The human race should be of good cheer. Some of the most dreaded diseases have been abolished by medicine, in civilized lands. For example, many of the older plagues have not only lost their terrors, but many have ceased to visit us. Surgery is saving thousands of lives that would have been beyond human hope only a few years ago. Perhaps the most brilliant surgical operations of the day concern the heart. In chloroform poisoning, for instance, after the patient is apparently dead to all previous understanding, an opening is now made in the abdomen, and the heart, grasped in the hand, is directly massaged until its natural action is resumed. Bold as is this procedure, it is abundantly justified by the brilliant results that have been thereby obtained, and is destined to become a settled method of practice. In such, as in all similar endeavors, the part of the surgeon is to do and to dare. The grand thing is to save life. Success to him means fighting one's way out, as in a forlorn hope, and disputing the rights of Death at the very foot of his throne.

The heart, when threatened with paralysis from overdistention with blood, has been successfully punctured, with the same end in view, and its action has gone on as before. The sack surrounding the heart, when filled with inflammatory products, is likewise successfully treated by a skilfully directed puncture of the chest-wall, thus relieving the pressure on the walls of the organ.

Progress in surgery of the brain is equally marvelous. Tumors or motor centers affected on its surface and in its substance are accurately located. No, surgery hasn't done much toward curing insanity, inasmuch as it is impossible by any present means of observation to locate the particular physical source of irritation, even if by so doing it could be possible to remove the trouble by purely mechanical means. Indeed, the fundamental pathology of insanity isn't yet mastered.

The knife is the only effective remedy for cancer. There is intelligence at the end of the blade and none at the bottom of a plaster. There isn't any elective affinity for any ointment. Early operative treatment is imperative; if the malignant growth can be attacked promptly, there is always reasonable hope. Statistics show an increased proportion of cures, owing to better operative methods, particularly those associated with advanced aseptic surgery. The X and the Violet rays have been employed with some success in cases of superficial cancer,

but for internal growths of this class they are not yet uniformly effectual. The same may be said of radium, the like employment of which is still in the experimental stage.

Spinal anesthesia—the injection of cocaine into the spinal cord—has been introduced by Corning of New-York and is destined to prove of much value in the future, especially in those cases in which ether and chloroform are contra-indicated or inadmissible.

Surgery now goes so far as to remove a large portion of the stomach when that organ is attacked by a cancerous growth. Indeed, the success of some of these operations has made it debatable with some ethnologists whether the ordinary stomach is absolutely necessary to a human being. In a remarkable instance in which a Zurich surgeon several years ago extirpated the entire organ the patient survived the operation for over a year, maintaining her strength in the meantime by intestinal digestion alone. She finally died, however, from the combined effects of gradual exhaustion and the recurrence of the original disease. This and similar less extensive removals of the stomach tissue thus far prove that some portion of the organ must be left to give any promise of suitably prolonging life.

\*

The surgery of the intestines has recently made wonderful progress. Large portions of diseased and gangrenous bowel have been removed with entire success. This is no longer considered an extra-hazardous operation. The wounded or diseased section being cut out, the severed ends are joined by stitches. The intestinal current is thus artificially maintained without in any obvious way interfering with the general nutrition of the patient. Gunshot wounds in the intestines, heretofore always fatal, are no longer so. When the victim is seen early enough the wounds are closed and there is no further trouble. New communications are sometimes made between the stomach and the intestines, and between the gall-bladder, the bile-ducts and the intestines. Tumors are removed from the liver, pancreas and kidneys. Other intestinal organs are eliminated, under modern surgical methods, almost with impunity. Indeed, the abdominal region has thus become a surgical thoroughfare.

The operation for appendicitis is now performed with comparative safety. This is essentially an American method of treatment and is now popular the world over.

In the treatment of kidney disease, it is now possible to detect which of the two organs is affected. This is done by temporarily eliminating one and examining the secretions of the other. The removal of a diseased kidney is now undertaken with entire success. Even the cure of Bright's disease is

promised by the surgical operation of removing the contracted capsule of the kidney. Tuberculosis of the bowels is cured by laparotomy, by means of which a cleansing of the abdominal cavity is effected and the destruction of the bacilli thus attained. Simplification of methods, rendered possible by modern aseptic surgery, has made all these remarkable things possible, and the end is not yet.

In reparative surgery, improvements of American origin have marked the general progress. Transplanted skin is caused to grow in new places. Sabine formed the basis of a new nose by attaching the forefinger of a patient to the forehead, allowing it to grow there, and afterward amputating the finger from the hand. Another American supplied a new cheek by first growing an attached arm flap to the forefinger of the patient, and in turn severing the arm attachment, carrying the finger, with its growing flap, to the face, sewing the finger-flap in place, and afterward liberating the finger. The skin of the arm thus became the substance of the cheek.

But however admirable reparative surgery may be, the saving of life and limb is the real mission of the science. Modern surgery, proud of its triumphs, as it may well be, is always justly conservative. Paradoxical as it may seem, its highest aim is to obviate an operation rather than to perform it.

Modern field surgery in its higher sense virtually began during the Civil War, or at least had its most remarkable impetus during that period.

This fact is well acknowledged the world over, notwithstanding the more recent surgical and sanitary triumphs on other battle-fields. How much more might have been done if during Civil War times the values of aseptic surgery had been demonstrated as now! Even as it was, field surgery had made astonishing progress since the Crimean War, notably by the institution of the ambulance system, the better regulation of field hospitals, and improved methods of nursing. All these were the necessary and indisputable accessories of successful treatment of the wounded. As to army nursing, the real initiative inspiration came from Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimea. Her name will be remembered in history after all the generals and statesmen of the period are forgotten. She preached the divine utterance, "I was sick and ye visited me," as never was it preached before. She introduced the woman nurse into the army hospital. She was the first prophetess of the Geneva Cross.

In spite of all this the mortality in the Crimean and American Civil Wars was frightful. Fevers and diarrheal disorders could not be combated then as now. Bacteriology and sanitation had not become subjects of scientific application. The spectacular phases of advanced sanitation were reached only in the recent Russo-Japanese War. Major Seaman, who made two trips to Japan and Manchuria while

Continued on page 16



## CONVERSATION

"Nothing Is More Cheering,  
More Healthily Stimulating"

By SARAH GRAND

Author of "The Heavenly Twins," Etc.

ONE of the most pronounced of our misery-making propensities is the habit of converting things destined to add to the joy of life into a penance, or at the best an unedifying pastime. Pleasures which should be beneficial, when perverted by misuse, become poisonous to the system. Conversation is one of these.

The Silly Set taboos any attempt to "talk clever"; it would have us believe that it prefers "to chatter"; but in this respect the Silly Set suffers from the same complaint as the kind of critic who, with a view to detraction, accuses an author of emptying the contents of his note-book into his work because it contains some clever passages. It does not alter the cleverness of a passage to take it from a note-book in which it has been stored for the purpose, and the critic insinuates that it does only because he himself has no occasion to use a note-book, not having the material in his mind out of which clever passages are likely to resolve themselves at any moment.

When a word falls into disuse, the thing for which it stands changes its character, if it does not become altogether obsolete. The word "conversation" has fallen into disuse; we talk now, we do not converse; but the thing for which talk stands is not conversation as a rule, it is cackle. To many people conversation suggests something improving, and that nowadays is synonymous with something heavy and dull; yet it is of the essence of good conversation that it should not be pedantic, but interesting and good-natured. These two qualities are essential, and as long as they are there, let the talk be as merry as it may, it cannot be made of base material calculated to injure.

No two ordinarily intelligent human beings can talk together for half an hour with a friendly desire to make the best of each other, to be pleased and to give pleasure, without enjoying the occasion. There are people of such nice tact in conversation that even their jests at one's own expense are a joy to be recorded, not a stab from which one recoils. They are not necessarily the cleverest people of our acquaintance, but they are emphatically among the kindest; under their genial influence our hearts expand, and it is for that rare benefit we owe them our love. Practical good sense weighted with good humor carries more consolation than the finest epigrams. A high order of intelligence may exist without a single intellectual attribute—it is Mrs. Poyser we quote, not Dorothea Casaubon.

It is rumored in England that American women are superficial, that all they know comes out in their conversation. This makes one wonder what Englishwomen do with their knowledge, seeing that it so seldom comes out at all. It may be that the Englishwoman's education is so solid that it sinks to the depths of her being and remains there immovable. An intelligent American woman's conversation is like the widow's cruse of oil—never empty. She goes about the world with her eyes open, enjoying herself with the unaffected frankness of a child; and she is always good company. Her point of view is often quaint, generally original. She is fresher, more receptive, larger-minded, and warmer-hearted than the average Englishwoman. She is as genial with women as with men, and as happy at home with men as with women, being accustomed to their highest respect, and pure of the latent animation which makes it difficult for the women of the Old World to view friendly intimacies of men and women without suspicion.

One American woman is enough to lighten the gloom of a whole English party; but her brightness does not make her popular in England. On the contrary, it inspires repulsion or distrust—or is it jealousy, perchance? Something small-minded, at any rate. Her brilliant conversational powers are suspected in the Provinces to be the outcome of some sort of depravity; at all events, they make things unpleasant for her or the hearer.

A woman displayed at a party of English pro-

fessional people lately the social qualities of an American. The men were at once interested and responsive; but the women sat silent, eying the newcomer with disapproval. A woman who could hold her own in conversation like that was as offensive to their prejudices as a young woman who played and sang "quite like a professional person, my dear," used to be to their great-grandmothers. They scented some reason not complimentary to her morals to account for her charm, and bore themselves toward her with that dignity which has been defined as "a mysterious carriage of the body, to cover defects of the mind." Only dull mediocrity tempered by mannerisms is acceptable to these women. They are root-bound by convention, and nothing but transplantation into a larger life would save them.

If the average Englishwoman was judged by her conversation, one would say that want of intelligence was her principal characteristic; but it is not want of intelligence so often as want of the means to develop her intelligence from which she suffers; want of mental stimulant. She lives in a vicious circle, a state of intellectual bondage; because she is uninteresting, none interest themselves in her, and because none interest themselves in her she remains uninteresting. Many with larger minds and wider interests

W H Y--By ZITELLA COCKE



Drawing by George T. Tobin

Why do I love you? Shall I mark the tale  
Of measured graces? Shall I set in scale  
Your every good, to prove its weight and worth,  
And say to this, to that, my love owes birth,  
Scanning each day, with dotting, miser eyes,  
The inventory of the charms I prize—  
And thus with craft of cunning tradesman's art  
Shrewd barter make, lest I might cheat my heart?

Nay! So should Love, a base usurper prove,  
Whom fickle Chance or envious Time shall move—  
A conqueror comes he, unbid, unsought,  
Naught of his store by richest reason bought—  
A crowned and sceptered monarch on his throne  
Ne'er pleads for sovereignty always his own—  
And Love to love shall ever dare be true;—  
I love you, darling, because you are—you!

recognize her possibilities and would help her if they could; but as long as she is content to remain a center

of dullness, her dullness will react with the effect of centrifugal force on all who come to converse with her.

The men of the upper class discuss all their varied interests with the women of their families or acquaintance, who are thus kept well posted on every subject; the men of

the middle classes are silent in their families, and in assemblies that should be mixed they get together and talk to each other. The women thus left to themselves have small matter for conversation that is not trivial and vapid; their interests are chiefly parochial; great events in the outside world make little impression upon them; and there is nothing to rouse them from their habitual apathy but the numerous scandals, mostly fictitious, and the occasional startling calamities of their own immediate neighborhood. An earthquake would be a veritable godsend; it would give them something important to talk about. One of the rarest luxuries they allow themselves is the luxury of being kindly disposed toward anyone outside of their own particular clique; but a sort of enjoyment accompanies the shock of some tragic event which rouses them momentarily to unwonted and farther-reaching benevolence.

The well-bred, who have by inheritance an aptitude for every kind of culture and the instinct of politeness, which makes them habitually agreeable, are astonished and repelled by nothing so much as the personal bias and the egotism of the under-bred, who are as often ungracious as not. Socially, we are always under observation, and most of the observation is unsympathetic. This is not so much the consequence of ill-nature

as of narrow-mindedness. Sympathetic insight is the outcome of a knowledge of human nature and of that higher education which should begin at home and never be discontinued. The members of certain families have been noted for generations for social qualities of the finest kind. In these families the best books on all sorts of subjects are constantly being read aloud with visitors and friends and discussed. There are families in the depths of the country where the most sparkling conversation is heard at every meal. The keenest interest is taken in art, literature, politics and human nature. Books have been read, not skimmed, and the superficiality of semiculture is put out of countenance at once. Unfortunately the practice of reading aloud is dying out.

The cant of individuality has broken up the family circle, and the friends who were wont to bring a change of ideas have now no center to attract them. Letters and memoirs of old days teem with descriptions of delightful gatherings made memorable by the grace and wit of the conversation; nowadays it is exceptional to find anyone noted for this charming accomplishment. There are, of course, numbers who possess the gifts; but it is not now mentioned as an addition to their attractions; in fact, in these days, when a woman's charms are publicly catalogued item by item, this

the most captivating of all is usually only advanced in desperation when something civil must be said about an ugly person. There must surely be a radical mistake somewhere in the modern Higher Education of women, so called, since it has lessened rather than added to their social qualities, mathematics without manners being the commonest result.

Nothing in life is more cheerful than pleasant conversation, nothing more healthily stimulating both to the functions of the body and the activity of the mind. The cultivation of the easy exchange of thought and experience which makes conversation one of the great enjoyments of life, the one from which is drawn the happiest sense of satisfaction, the glow of the highest enthusiasm, the saving consolation of hope, should surely be encouraged, not as an art but as a duty.



## S I R N I G E L:

A Companion to The White Company

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters at End of This Instalment

## CHAPTER X. (Continued)

## How the King Greeted His Seneschal of Calais



Illustrated by Joseph Clement Coll

EDWARD laughed bitterly, and drew a paper from his breast. "You are the judges in this case, you, my fair son, and you, Chandos, and you, Manny, and you, Sir Hubert, and you also, my Lord Bishop. By my sovereign power I make you a court that you may deal justice upon this man, for by God's eyes I will not stir from this room until I have sifted the matter to the bottom. And first I would read you this letter. It is superscribed to Sir Aymery of Pavia, *nomme* Le Lombard, Château de Calais. Is not that your name and style, you rogue?"

"It is my name, sire; but no such letter has come to me."

"Else had your villainy never been disclosed. It is signed 'Isidore de Chargny.' What says my enemy de Chargny to my trusted servant? Listen! 'We could not come with the last moon, for we have not gathered sufficient strength, nor have we been able to collect the twenty thousand crowns which are your price. But with the next turn of the moon in the darkest hour we will come and you will be paid your money at the small postern gate with the rowan-bush beside it.' Well, sir, what say you now?"

"It is a forgery!" gasped the Italian.

"I pray you that you will let me see it, sire," said Chandos. "De Chargny was my prisoner, and so many letters passed ere his ransom was paid that his script is well-known to me. Yes, yes, I will swear that this is indeed his. If my salvation were at stake I could swear it."

"If it were indeed written by de Chargny it was to dishonor me," cried Sir Aymery.

"Nay, nay!" said the young Prince. "We all know de Chargny and have fought against him. Many faults he has, a boaster and a brawler, but a braver man and one of greater heart and higher of enterprise does not ride beneath the lilies of France. Such a man would never stoop to write a letter for the sake of putting dishonor upon one of knightly rank. I, for one, will never believe it."

A gruff murmur from the others showed that they were of one mind with the Prince. The light of the torches from the walls beat upon the line of stern faces at the high table. They had sat like flint, and the Italian shrank from their inexorable eyes. He looked swiftly round, but armed men choked every entrance. The shadow of death had fallen athwart his soul.

"This letter," said the King, "was given by de Chargny to one Dom Beauvais, a priest of St. Omer, to carry into Calais. The said priest, smelling a reward, brought it to one who is my faithful servant, and so it came to me. Straightway I sent for this man that he should come to me. Meanwhile the priest has returned so that de Chargny may think that his message is indeed delivered."

"I know nothing of it," said the Italian doggedly licking his dry lips.

A dark flush mounted to the King's forehead, and his eyes were gorged with his wrath. "No more of this, for God's dignity!" he cried. "Had we this fellow at the Tower, a few turns of the rack would tear a confession from his craven soul. But why should we need his word for his own guilt? You have seen, my lords, you have heard! How say you, fair son? Is the man guilty?"

"Sire, he is guilty."

"And you, John? And you, Walter? And you, Hubert? And you, my Lord Bishop? You are all of one mind, then. He is guilty of the betrayal of his trust. And the punishment?"

"It can only be death," said the Prince, and each in turn the others nodded their agreement.

"Aymery of Pavia, you have heard your doom," said Edward, leaning his chin upon his hand and glooming at the cowering Italian. "Step forward, you archer at the door, you with the black beard. Draw your sword! Nay, you white-faced rogue, I would not dishonor this roof-tree by your blood. It is your heels, not your head, that we want. Hack off these golden spurs of knighthood with your sword, archer! 'Twas I who gave them, and I who take them back. Ha! they fly across the hall, and with them every bond betwixt you and the worshipful order whose sign and badge they are! Now lead him out on the heath afar from the house where his carrion can best lie, and hew his scheming head from his body as a warning to all such traitors!"

The Italian, who had slipped from his chair to his knees, uttered a cry of despair, as an archer seized him by either shoulder. Writhing out of their grip, he threw himself upon the floor and clutched at the King's feet.

"Spare me, my most dread lord, spare me, I beseech you! In the name of Christ's passion, I implore your grace and pardon! Bethink you, my good and dear lord, how many years I have served under your banners and how many ser-

vices I have rendered. Was it not I who found the ford upon the Seine two days before the great battle? Was it not I also who marshaled the attack at the intaking of Calais? I have a wife and four children in Italy, great King, and it was the thought of them which led me to fall from my duty, for this money would have allowed me to leave the wars and to see them once again. Mercy, my liege, mercy, I implore!"

The English are a rough race, but not a cruel one. The King sat with a face of doom; but the others looked askance and fidgeted in their seats.

"Indeed, my fair liege," said Chandos, "I pray you that you will abate somewhat of your anger."

Edward shook his head curtly. "Be silent, John. It shall be as I have said."

"I pray you, my dear and honored liege, not to act with overmuch haste in the matter," said Manny. "Bind him and hold him until the morning, for other counsels may prevail."

"Nay, I have spoken. Lead him out!"

But the trembling man clung to the King's knees in such a fashion that the archers could not disengage his convulsive grip. "Listen to me a moment, I implore you! Give me but one minute to plead with you, and then do what you will."

The King leaned back in his chair. "Speak and have done," said he.

"You must spare me, my noble liege. For your own sake I say that you must spare me, for I can set you in the way of such a knightly adventure as will gladden your heart. Bethink you, sire, that this de Chargny and his comrades know nothing of their plans having gone awry. If I do but send them a message they will surely come to the postern



"You ♣ double ♣ traitor!" ♣





gate. Then, if we have placed our bushment with skill we shall have such a capture and such a ransom as will fill your coffers. He and his comrades should be worth a good hundred thousand crowns."

Edward spurned the Italian away from him with his foot until he sprawled among the rushes, but even as he lay there like a wounded snake his dark eyes never left the King's face.

"You double traitor! You would sell Calais to de Chagny, and then in turn you would sell de Chagny to me. How dare you suppose that I or any noble knight had such a huckster's soul as to think only of ransoms where honor is to be won? Could I or any true man be so caitiff and so thrall? You have sealed your own doom. Lead him out!"

"One instant, I pray you, my fair and most sweet lord," cried the Prince. "Assuage your wrath yet a little while, for this man's rede deserves perhaps more thought than we have given it. He has turned your noble soul sick with his talk of ransoms; but look at it, I pray you, from the side of honor, and where could we find such hope of worshipfully winning worship? I pray you to let me put my body in this adventure, for it is one from which, if rightly handled, much advancement is to be gained."

Edward looked with sparkling eyes at the noble youth at his side. "Never was hound more keen on the track of a stricken hart than you on the hope of honor, fair son," said he. "How do you conceive the matter in your mind?"

"De Chagny and his men will be such as are worth going far to meet, for he will have the pick of France under his banner that night. If we did as this man says and awaited him with the same number of lances, then I cannot think that there is any spot in Christendom where one would rather be than in Calais that night."

"By the rood, fair son, you are right!" cried the King, his face shining with the thought. "Now which of you, John Chandos or Walter Manny, will take the thing in charge?" He looked mischievously from one to the other like a master who dangles a bone betwixt two fierce old hounds. All they had to say was in their burning, longing eyes. "Nay, John, you must not take it amiss; but it is Walter's turn, and he shall have it."

"Shall we not all go under your banner, sire, or that of the Prince?"

"Nay, it is not fitting that the royal banners of England should be advanced in so small an adventure. And yet, if you have space in your ranks for two more cavaliers, both the Prince and I would ride with you that night."

The young man stooped and kissed his father's hand.

"Take this man in your charge, Walter, and do with him as you will. Guard well lest he betray us once again. Take him from my sight, for his breath poisons the room. And now, Nigel, if that worthy gray-beard of thine would fain twang his harp or sing to us—but what in God's name would you have?"

He had turned, to find his young host upon his knee and his flaxen head bent in entreaty.

"What is it, man? What do you crave?"

"A boon, fairliege!"

"Well, well, am I to have no peace to-night, with a traitor kneeling to me in front, and a true man on his knees behind? Out with it, Nigel. What would you have?"

"To come with you to Calais."

"By the rood! your request is fair enough, seeing that our plot is hatched beneath your very roof. How say you, Walter? Will you take him, armor and all?" asked King Edward.

"Say rather will you take me?" said Chandos. "We two are rivals in

honor, Walter, but I am very sure that you would not hold me back."

"Nay, John, I will be proud to have the best lance in Christendom beneath my banner."

"And I to follow so knightly a leader. But Nigel Loring is my Squire, and so he comes with us also."

"Then that is settled," said the King, "and now there is no need for hurry, since there can be no move until the moon has changed. So I pray you to pass the flagon once again, and to drink with me to the good knights of France. May they be of great heart and high of enterprise when we all meet once more within the castle wall of Calais!"

#### Chapter XI.

##### In the Hall of the Knight of Duplin

THE King had come and had gone. Tilford Manor-house stood once more dark and silent, but joy and contentment reigned within its walls. In one night every trouble had fallen away like some dark curtain which had shut out the sun. A princely sum of money had come from the King's treasurer, given in such fashion that there could be no refusal. With a bag of gold pieces at his saddle-bow Nigel rode once more into Guildford, and not a beggar on the way who had not cause to bless his name.

There he had gone first to the goldsmith and had bought back cup and salver and bracelet, mourning with the merchant over the evil chance that gold and gold-work had for certain reasons which only those in the trade could fully understand gone up in value during the last week, so that already fifty gold pieces had to be paid more than the price which Nigel had received. In vain the faithful Aylward fretted and fumed and muttered a prayer that the day would come when he might feather a shaft in the merchant's portly paunch. The money had to be paid.

Thence Nigel hurried to Wat the armorer's and there he bought that very suit for which he had yearned so short a time before. Then and there he tried it on in the booth, Wat and his boy walking round him with spanner and wrench, fixing bolts and twisting rivets.

"How is that, my fair sir?" cried the armorer as he drew the bassinet over the head and fastened it to the camail which extended to the shoulders. "I swear by Tubal Cain that it fits you as the shell fits the crab! A finer suit never came from Italy or Spain."

Nigel stood in front of a burnished shield which served as a mirror, and he turned this way and that, preening himself like a little shining bird. His smooth breastplate, his wondrous joints with their deft protection by the discs at knee and elbow and shoulder, the beautifully flexible gauntlets and sollerets, the shirt of mail and the close-fitting greave-plates were all things of joy and of beauty in his eyes. He sprang about the shop to show his lightness, and then running out he placed his hand on the pommel and vaulted into Pommers' saddle, while Wat and his boy applauded in the doorway.

Then springing off and running into the shop again he clanked down upon his knees before the image of the Virgin upon the smithy wall. There from his heart he prayed that no shadow or stain should come upon his soul or his honor whilst these arms incased his body, and that he might be strengthened to use them for noble and godly ends. A strange turn this to a religion of peace, and yet for many a century the sword and the faith had upheld each other and in a darkened world the best ideal of the soldier had turned in some dim groping fashion toward the light. "*Benedictus dominus deus meus qui docet manus meas ad prælum et digitos meos ad bellum!*" There spoke the soul of the knightly soldier.

So the armor was trussed upon the armorer's mule and went back with them to Tilford, where Nigel put it on once more for the pleasure of the Lady Ermyntrude, who clapped her skinny hands and shed tears of mingled pain and joy—pain that she should lose him, joy that he should go so bravely to the wars. As to her own future, it had been made easy for her, since it was arranged that a steward should look to the Tilford estate whilst she had at her disposal a suite of rooms in royal Windsor, where with other

venerable dames of her own age and standing she could spend the twilight of her days discussing long-forgotten scandals and whispering sad things about the grandfathers and the grandmothers of the young courtiers all around them. There Nigel might leave her with an easy mind when he turned his face to France.

But there was one more visit to be paid and one more farewell to be spoken ere Nigel could leave the moorlands where he had dwelled so long. That evening he donned his brightest tunic, dark purple velvet of Genoa, with trimming of miniver, his hat with the snow-white feather curling round the front, and his belt of embossed silver round his loins. Mounted on lordly Pommers, with his hawk upon wrist and his sword by his side, never did fairer young gallant or one more modest in mind set forth upon such an errand. It was but the old Knight of Duplin to whom he would say farewell; but the Knight of Duplin had two daughters, Edith and Mary, and Edith was the fairest maid in all the heather country.

Sir John Buttethorn, the Knight of Duplin, was so called because he had been present at that strange battle, some eighteen years before, when the full power of Scotland had been for a moment beaten to the ground by a handful of adventurers and mercenaries, marching under the banner of no nation, but fighting in their own private quarrel. Their exploit fills no pages of history, for it is to the interest of no nation to record it, and yet the rumor and fame of the great fight bulked large in those times, for it was on that day when the flower of Scotland was left dead upon the field, that the world first understood that a new force had arisen in war, and that the English archer, with his robust courage and his skill with the weapon which he had wielded from his boyhood, was a power with which even the mailed chivalry of Europe had seriously to reckon.

Sir John after his return from Scotland had become the King's own head huntsman, famous through all England for his knowledge of venery, until at last, getting overheavy for his horses, he had settled in modest comfort into the old house of Cosford upon the eastern slope of the Hindhead hill. Here, as his face grew redder and his beard more white, he spent the evening of his days, amid hawks and hounds, a flagon of spiced wine ever at his elbow, and his swollen foot perched upon a stool before him. There it was that many an old comrade broke his journey as he passed down the rude road which led from London to Portsmouth, and thither also came the young gallants of the country to hear the stout knight's tales of old wars, or to learn from him that lore of the forest and the chase which none could teach so well as he.

But sooth to say, whatever the old knight might think, it was not merely his old tales and older wine which drew the young men to Cosford, but rather the fair face of his younger daughter, or the strong soul and wise counsel of the elder. Never had two more different branches sprung from the same trunk. Both were tall and of a queenly graceful figure. But there all resemblance began and ended.

Edith was yellow as the ripe corn, blue-eyed, winning, mischievous, with a chattering tongue, a merry laugh, and a smile which a dozen of young gallants, Nigel of Tilford at their head, could share equally amongst them. Like a young kitten she played with all things that she found in life, and some there were who thought that already the claws could be felt amid the patting of her velvet touch.

Mary was dark as night, grave-featured, plain-visaged, with steady brown eyes looking bravely at the world from under a strong black arch of brows. None could call her beautiful, and when her fair sister cast her arm round her and placed her cheek against hers, as was her habit when company was there, the fairness of the one and the plainness of the other leaped visibly to the eyes of all, each the clearer for that hard contrast. And yet, here



Clanked down upon his knees before the image of the Virgin upon the smithy wall

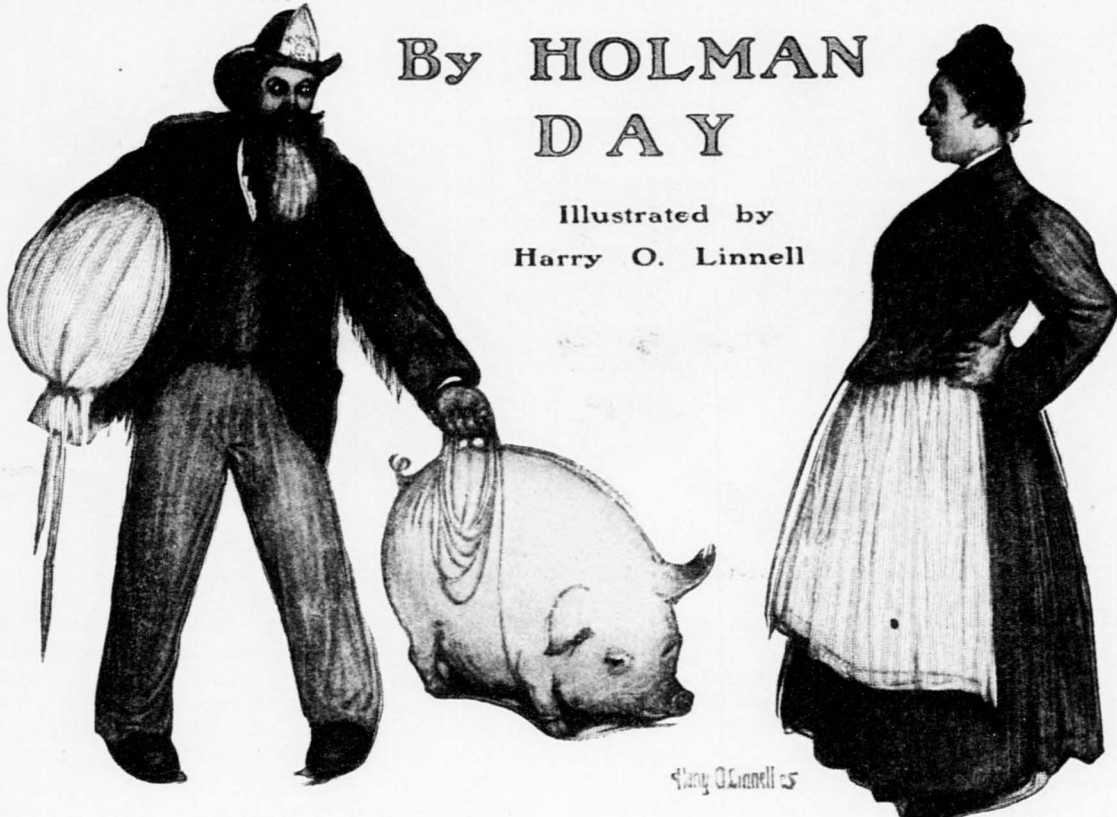


# VIA THE PUNKIN FRESHET

The Wet Road to Matrimony Followed  
by Foreman Bushee of "Tiger Co. No. 1"

By HOLMAN  
DAY

Illustrated by  
Harry O. Linnell



"I'd Be Oblieged if Ye'd Take This Little Keepsake From Me."

AN elderly man came staggering up the steep pitch of the road leading from the river valley. The blue glare of the lightning showed that the valley was filled with a turbid, roaring, swirling flood. The rain was still pelting furiously. It sluiced down the man's face and streamed from the dragged ends of his beard. His arms were heaped high with such articles as a man might be expected to scabble together in flight from a threatened house. Under one elbow was pinched an old-fashioned clock. Garments dangled soggy with the rain. Every little while as he bent forward to climb the hill he tripped on the tails of a coat that dangled lowest.

Framed in the door of a little house at the top of the hill was a woman who stood holding a lamp above her head. The elderly man was struggling toward this beacon.

"It's been a turrible tug for you, Mr. Bushee," she said sympathetically as he came into the circle of light near the door.

In fumbling for the stoop with his foot he stepped again on the dragging tails of the coat and fell down at her feet. The clock struck with a crash of the glass in its door and lay plaintively jangling in diminuendo.

"I sha'n't dast to go for another load, Mis' Skidmore," he said when he had grunted to his feet. "Water's runnin' into the settin'-room winders a'ready. I never reckoned on it comin' up so fast. It's goin' to be a dretful loss to me."

"You ought to have looked after your own before grabbin' in and helpin' ev'ry other namable person you could think of!" she snapped. "There's sech a thing as bein' neighborly and all that, but it's anybody's bounden duty to look after number one first of all." She had followed him into the house, where he was adding his final soggy burden to an equally soggy heap in the corner of the kitchen.

"A man that wears that badge ain't got the right to think of himself first of all," said the elderly man mildly. He pointed to the breast of his worn coat, where a badge with the plating sadly worn announced "Tiger Co. No. 1."

"Cat's foot on your old hand-tub gang," she cried. "You've let that crowd hornswoogle you into doin' all the runnin', waitin' and tendin' for the last thutty years. You don't ketch none o' the rest of 'em lettin' their own bus'ness slide for the sake of helpin' folks."

He was down on his knees sorting some articles out from the heap.

"There's been just one fire in this place in twenty-five years," she went on crossly. "And then it was hoorah-ste'-boy and throw ev'rything out of the winders like crazy men, instead of squirtin' water on where the fire was. 'Twould have been better to let the stuff stay and burn up than to mally-whack it all to pieces. So much for all the good they have done! The rest of the time it's been to have reunions and picnic dinners and you to do the runnin' and the waitin'. You needn't tell me! I know!"

He had carefully laid out by themselves a huge leather hat with "Foreman" on a red shield in front, two leather buckets painted red, a horn, a big striped-drilling bag with a puckering string, and a bed-wrench, used in the old days to take apart corded beds.

"There ain't a corded bed left in this town," she sniffed, pushing the wrench contemptuously with her toe.

"That ain't the idee," he said still mildly. "We boys are keepin' together the oldest fire comp'ny in the State, and it's some honor to have the old things that's been passed down from father to son and a hand-tub that was built in seventeen hunderd and ninety-six and can still outsquirt anything in her class."

A blue glare shuddered outside, and a splitting thunder-clap followed promptly on the flash.

"I shouldn't wonder a mite if this was a clearin'-up shower," he said, going to the kitchen window.

He framed his face in his hands set edgewise to the glass and peered out.

"I should think to the Lord it was time for some-thin' of the kind," she shrilled. "Four days and four nights of stiddy drivin' slosh and folks washed out of house and home and right in October harvest-time!"

"Curi's sight at sundown," he said: "river as full of punkins bobbin' along as a raisin-cake is of plums. That's the name they're a givin' to it up and down the river—the punkin freshet." He was still at the window, his face squeezed between his hands. There was a dull grinding near at hand in the river valley and—fli-i-i-sh! Cr-rack! the lightning lit up the scene.

"She went, then," he sighed.

"You don't mean it's your house, Mr. Bushee?"

I have been if I had let folks gum-game me when I was left a widder? They was after me to pick and steal as soon as John Skidmore died; but, by gracious, they didn't come round me none! I've added to my bank nest-egg ev'ry year that has passed."

She spoke with so much pride that his pale blue eye kindled a bit.

"I hope you ain't puttin' me in amongst them as you said tried to gum-game ye, Mis' Skidmore."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I didn't know but because I asked you to marry me a proper time after John died you cal'lated I was after what you had in the bank. You did have more'n I did then, p'raps, but I've got thirty-six hunderd in the bank to-day and risin' nine hunderd right in my wallet from that last drove of cattle I sold." He patted his wet coat. "I ain't spent all my time tendin' out on firemen's musters," he added with a little tinge of sarcasm.

"I have never had nothin' ag'in'st ye, Columbus," she hastened to say, her eyes brighter, her cheeks flushing. "But when you asked me that question you did a few years back I reckoned you had too many other irons in the fire and was ready and willin' to fritter away too much time and money on other folks. Mr. Skidmore wa'n't that kind, and—"

"Without meanin' any special disrespect to the dead and the departed," he said, "John Skidmore couldn't no more git around sociable amongst men than a mud-turkle can hover chickens. I ain't that kind of hard-shell—I never was—I never shall be. But I ain't no pauper, neither, same as you seemed to mistrust I was goin' to be. A man can be lib'ral and have friends and still not have to give his shirt away."

"In bein' neighborly and all that, it kind of looks as though you'd forgot I lived here and liked a little neighborliness too," she said with meaning.

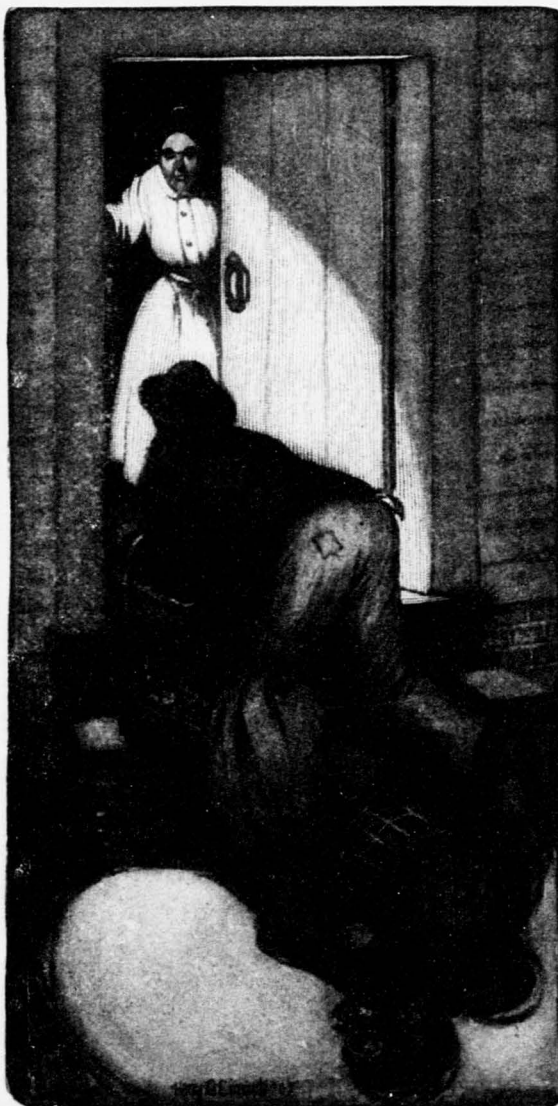
"One set-back was enough for me, Clorinthy," he said. "And I reckoned that Ase Brickett was goin' to git his reward for shinin' up to you."

"I never would marry Asa Brickett if he was the last man on the face of the earth, and you ought to have knowed it!" she retorted warmly.

"There was Went Bragg and two or three others that seemed to be showin' some attentions and—"

"What do you mean by twittin' me with all the old fools in this place?" the widow demanded indignantly. "Do you mean to slur that all the men that stopped to pass the time of day with me were tryin' to court? I want you should understand, Columb Bushee, that I ain't no such frivolous critter! I've minded my own bus'ness, and that's all I git by it—slandered by them as is my nearest neighbors and ought to stand by me." Her voice broke. "It's pretty tight and tough for a lone woman these days with no one to perfect her and give the lie."

"I wasn't makin' any flings at you, Clorinthy,"



He Stepped on the Tails of the Coat.



he protested. "I was only tryin' to explain why I took myself out of the way. I allus thought a lot of you, and I ain't ashamed to stand here and say it. You're a good woman. I ain't exactly a stranger, but you done what the good Book says and took me in to-night."

Again he peered into the gloom and listened to the roar of the waters rioting through the valley. "It's pretty tough to see a home took away before your eyes," he murmured.

She waited for the crackle and boom of a thunder-peal to die away. Her eyes were brighter and the flush was on her cheeks.

"I ain't a woman to beat about the bush, Columb," she said. "I reckon you've come half way, and I'm comin' the other half. We ain't silly boy and girl any longer. You ain't got no home. Here's one a-ready to your hand. Mebbe Providence has done this for us."

He turned and looked at her a moment, blinking his eyes. "I swanny, if that ain't fair talk!" he blurted. "Fair question up and down now! Will ye marry me?"

"Yes, I will, Columb!" As she spoke a blinding flash shuttled across the windows and a deafening roar of thunder drowned out his words. But he had his arm about her waist tremblingly and was grinning bashfully into her upturned face.

"I've allus been turrible afraid in a shower, Columb; but I ain't a mite scared now," she gushed.

"That old pelter hit some'ers clust by," said he, wiping the back of his hand across his lips and looking at her mouth. Just as he was about to bend down both of them heard a distant chorus of shouts. A glare that was too yellow for the glare of lightning flickered across the kitchen windows.

"Fire!" yelled the foreman of Tiger Number One. He dropped his arm from about the widow's waist and ran to the nearest window.

"Near's I can make out it's Granville Barton's barn!" he cried excitedly. "Full of hay and crops and a burnin' away like a pine knot!"

He galloped to the corner of the room where he had arranged his fireman's gear.

"Gran Barton's barn?" she shouted. "How in the name of goodness are you goin' to git acrost the crick, even if it is Barton's barn—the water ten feet over the bridge?"

He slammed on his leather hat, dumped buckets, horn and bed wrench into the big bag, pulled the puckering-string and started for the door, swinging his burden over his shoulder.

"You ain't goin' no sech errunt," she gasped, still standing where he had left her in the middle of the floor.

"Why, it's my bounden duty!" he cried, his hand on the latch, and turning an amazed face at her.

"You've asked me to marry you, and I've said I would, and it's your bounden duty to stay at your own home and care for your own. The next bolt may strike here. The river may rise to here any minute. And you're sure to git drowned crossing that crick. I say ye sha'n't go, Columb Bushee, and you've giv' me the right to say so! Ye sha'n't!"

But when she ran at him, both arms outstretched, he threw himself against the door and dashed into the night. Some one had begun to clang the bell of the Union meeting-house.

"Do ye hear it?" he yelled over his shoulder. "It's a call to my bounden duty!" He heard her screaming some words at him above the roar of a thunder-clap, but he could not understand them. He ran, his mud-clogged feet throwingspatters behind him. He knew that he could not cross at the creek bridge near its confluence with the river, and ran toward the upper bridge.

The flare from the burning barn showed him that the rails were above water, and he reso-

lutely plunged in, trusting that the flooring had held too.

"I've got to git there!" he grunted through his set teeth. "The boys are waiting for me to take charge."

But at the next step down over his head he went. The water drove him against the rotten rail; it broke and he drifted down the stream, struggling and spouting. He had not loosened his clutch

ing, fed by the choking brooks of up-country.

With mind relieved of the more pressing danger of drowning, Bushee began to watch for some opportunity to get ashore. Twice he had made out a glimmer of light near at hand and had called. Each light shone from a window and on the same bank close to which he passed. The third time he saw it he recognized the looming bulk of the buildings as having the same configuration as he had noted on perceiving the lights before. The water seemed smoother. It dawned on him that he must be moving in an eddy in some overflowed meadow and was continually passing the same buildings. This time he shouted with new vigor, and a woman's voice answered him.

"Who is it?" she shrieked.

"Man afloat!" he bawled. "Gimme a line."

She followed along the bank. "All I've got is my clothes-line," she screamed, "and you'll be gone before I can git the knots out of it!"

"I'll be round in about half an hour, mar'm!" he howled back. "Have it ready for me!"

The dawn began to flush the east at about that time, and he saw her on the bank long before the eddy had brought him round. She had a length of rope coiled about her arm, and when he had kicked and splashed to swing his clumsy craft as near the shore as possible, she began to whirl a rock fastened to the end of the rope.

"Knows something, that woman," commented Bushee, and when the rock came hurtling over his head he caught the rope and made it fast to his beam. She tied her end to a tree, and he pulled to shore cautiously. When he was near enough to wade he made an end of the clothes-line fast around the fore leg of the fat pig—lying in easy reach—and towed the squealing animal ashore with him.

"I'd be obleeged to ye, mar'm," he said gratefully, "if you'd take this little present here as a keepsake from me, showing I appreciate what you have done. I see you have a farm, and a pig that will dress three hundred ain't to be grinned at."

"Lead it along to the pen, mister," she said, with a fine business air.

"Ain't anything happened to your men folks, has there?" inquired the foreman of Tiger Company, looking around the premises curiously.

"I'm an old maid and I'd rather run this farm than teach school," she returned shortly. She took note of his fireman's hat and his bulging sack. "I s'pose in times of drought like this a fire comp'ny has to keep turrible busy," she said with satire, looking abroad over the brimming valley.

But without minding the sneer he was sniffing with nose in the air and staring at the barn, from the rear of which little trails of smoke were curling.

"There be sech things as wet-weather fires," he cried, with another sniff. "Hain't there lime stored some'ers round here?"

"There's some in the barn that's goin' to be used to rebuild my chimbls."

He dropped his sack, tossed away the rope that held the pig and ran. The flood had trickled under the corner of the barn, soaked through the staves of the lime barrels, and a choky, smoky, smoldering fire was eating away in the corner and crawling toward the hay-mow. It took fifteen minutes of hard and blistering work before he had smothered the flames and dragged the lime to a safe distance outdoors. The woman, gasping in the strangling fumes, brought water in the leather buckets, and after it was all over they sat on the ground outside, coughing and gasping for breath.

"I reckon—kah-ack-ack!—Providence must a—atch-hoo-o-o-o!—sent ye," she said at last.

"That's two women as Providence seems to have sent me to sence sundown last night," he pondered. He couldn't speak above a whisper, so he kept still.

"I've allus been a self-reliant woman," she went on, "and I never see the man I'd back down before when it come to a job. But I'm willin' to own up to ye, mister, that if it hadn't been for you to grab in as you done jest now I'd a been torched out of house and home. And if you knowed Aurora Atkins, which is me, you know that is compliment enough for any man."

"I'm Mr. Columbus Bushee of Newry Bridge," he said, clearing his throat and laboriously wiping



Sipping Ginger-tea and Swapping Family Reminiscences.

on the big bag. The buckets had buoyant properties and kept his nose just above water. His feet dragged on timbers that he realized must be fragments of the lower bridge, and then spinning round and round he swept into the current of Swift River, now swelled to mighty volume.

The flames of the barn defied the torrents of rain and lighted the yellow tide. The foreman of

Tiger Number One noted that he had plenty of company in his tumultuous journey toward the sea. There were timbers and logs and fragments of buildings. Bundles of stacked cornstalks rolled along, occasionally lifting their shaggy heads like weary swimmers. A hen clinging dizzily to the side of a revolving box went past him, "cah-dahing" shrilly. As for Columbus Bushee, he kicked his feet hard, shoved his head as far above water as he could and hallooed lustily. But as far as he could notice no one heard; no one replied. He went bowling around the bend of the river and into the shadows, the flare of the fire lighting the heavens behind him.

In the gloom it seemed that he was surrounded by innumerable bobbing heads. He shouted at these swimmers, and then by bumping against one perceived that they were pumpkins swept from the miles of intervale land.

Off at one side was floating something that loomed with more considerable

bulk than surrounding objects, and Bushee, still buoyed by his sack and buckets, kicked toward it. He discovered that it was a section of roof, shingled, and evidently torn from some small building like a tie-up or shed. By dint of a struggle and without losing his precious sack, he climbed up the edge and clung by a broken timber. The roof was upside down and a pig was ensconced between two joists, a fat pig which squealed either greeting or protest at the new passenger. Bushee clung to the beam and dragged along, half his body under water.

After a long time the rain stopped beating into his face and stars began to twinkle between the edges of flying clouds. The great storm was over. But the river seemed to be still swell-



"Clorinthy's Come!"



A Hen Went Past, "Cah-Dahing" Shrilly.

Continued on page 13



# WITH MY INDIAN FRIENDS

By Franklin Welles Calkins

Author of "Indian Tales," "Frontier Sketches," "Hunting Stories, Etc."

## HIGH WOLF

ONE day in the summer of 1886, at my railway camp at old Fort Petterman, there came along the dusty trail two persons driving a single horse hitched to an old spring wagon, every wheel of which creaked and groaned like an intermittent wail for the dead. One of these was a small Indian dressed in a citizen's faded suit and a slouch hat, and the other a big woman who occupied three-fourths of the seat and who was arrayed in calico of a vivid red-and-white polka-dot pattern, with the dots immensely large.

The vehicle halted in front of my commissary tent where I was sitting in the shade of a cottonwood reading one of the latest novels.

"How, how!" greeted the little man beside the big woman.

I answered after the Indian manner; and if anyone had told me at the moment that the famous Chief High Wolf was confronting me, I would have laughed at the notion. Yet so it was. The little short man, dwarfed to insignificance beside the big woman, was none other than the most powerful friend of white men to be found in all the Sioux nation. He was the fore-runner of a large Oglala hunting party who within three days grouped their tents in a bend of the North Platt some forty rods from my camp.

There were about four hundred of them, and among the number were Red Cloud, American Horse, Low Dog and other Chiefs of national renown. But among them all there was no personality so interesting to me at any time as that of High Wolf.

It is believed by many that Indians have no human side and especially no sense of humor. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Of all the jolly comrades I have fraternized with, High Wolf was certainly one of the best humored. In weeks of acquaintance I never saw him other than a highly interesting and laughing companion in all the ventures we undertook together. And as we became excellent friends, camping side by side for eight or ten weeks, these ventures were many, and their incidents ranged from the "busting" of broncos to the shooting of elk and a grizzly and the capture of catfish in the deep pools of the Platt. I knew Red Cloud and was on friendly terms with him, but High Wolf was my comrade.

I think the reader may be interested in knowing something of the history of this famous chief, and there are some incidents which, though they have been neglected, belong to the history of our dealings with the Sioux.

In the first place, after the Sioux treaty made at Fort Laramie some fifty years since, High Wolf was the one leader in all the tribes who never ceased to use his influence toward the fulfilment, on the part of the Indians, of all the provisions of that treaty. More than once High Wolf, during the progress of our border wars with the Sioux, not only gave wise counsel, but interfered at personal peril with the schemes of his hostile tribesmen bent upon extermination of the whites.

One of these instances deserves narration here. Shortly after the discovery of gold in the Black Hills, following the exploration of Custer and the subsequent expedition of Professor Jenney, miners and prospectors from all parts of the country formed outfits in various numbers and pushed their way out upon the Sioux reserve. The Sioux were righteously indignant at this infringement upon their treaty rights and promptly prepared for war. Few indeed were the leaders among them who sought to restrain the uprising. High Wolf, however, was consistently and fervently devoted to peace from beginning to end of the invasion and of the treaty negotiations which followed.

On one occasion a scout came in at Spotted Tail's village on White River with a report that a train of prospectors, en route for the Black Hills, was trailing down Hat Creek Cañon. Instantly the village was thrown into confusion, and the younger men rushed for their weapons and horses, declaring

for extermination of that band of invaders. A party of three hundred gathered within the brief space of half an hour and, armed with breech-loaders, set out to attack the party of twenty-five or thirty white men.

More than winking at the move, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and American Horse stayed in their tepees. Only High Wolf of the war Chiefs went with the party, and these, knowing his pacific disposition, ignored his presence utterly. Young Chief Running Elk was in charge of the expedition, and High Wolf rode in the rear with the untried youngsters.

In due time, taking a short cut, the war party reached Hat Creek Valley and cunningly ensconced themselves in the mouth of a timbered coulée commanding the trail down which Jenney had passed two months before. Although he had ridden in the rear, High Wolf, in the posting of the forces, took a position in the van of the scouts who, behind rocks and bushes, were set to watch the approach of the prospectors.

It was about dawn when the Sioux took their position, and at a little after sunrise the rumble of wagon wheels, the cracking of whips and the shouts of teamsters were heard far up the flat and cañon-like valley.

The hostiles were now on the *qui vive*, each man looking to his gun and hitching his ammunition belt into convenient position. Nearer and nearer drew the rumble of wheels and the snapping of mule-whips, until the foremost of the teams were nearly within gunshot.

\*

Then High Wolf suddenly leaped upon his pony and rode out into the valley. The scouts posted near at hand were astonished, but thinking that at last their Chief wished to distinguish himself by being the first to attack the whites, they took no action. Then as the foremost teams came into view, rounding a cottonwood grove, High Wolf charged directly at them, apparently attacking the whole train single-handed. Aiming above the wagons, he fired his Winchester as rapidly as he could work the lever of its magazine.

The teamsters, amazed at this bold attack, replied to his fire, but suspecting the presence of hostiles in force, wheeled rapidly and steered their whole train into cover of the cottonwoods, where they corralled their wagons and speedily put themselves in position for defense.

So expeditious were the prospectors in taking to good cover that the Indians, as soon as the fact was known among them, immediately abandoned hope of destroying that party. The Sioux, however, wasted many rounds of ammuni-

tion, firing from the cover of ravines into the woods.

In the meantime High Wolf had escaped unharméd from the teamsters' fire and rode swiftly homeward. For this bold and successful feat of rescue High Wolf expected trial and death at the hands of his tribesmen. His trial, indeed, speedily followed, but the wiser counsels prevailed and his life was spared.

After this he was, I believe, practically without influence among the fighting element of his people. But no reverses at the hands of his tribesmen or of the white men, whom he certainly served to profitless consideration, could daunt his optimistic humor.

His marital alliance had evidently proved a happy one, for the big fat wife, who weighed not less than three hundred pounds, was as good-natured as himself. She came with him now and then to my commissary tent, and there was always a ready joke between them. They were in fact fond of poking fun at each other for my benefit, and when the good old woman fancied that she had made a hit her fat sides would quiver and her marvelously white teeth gleam across her broad face.

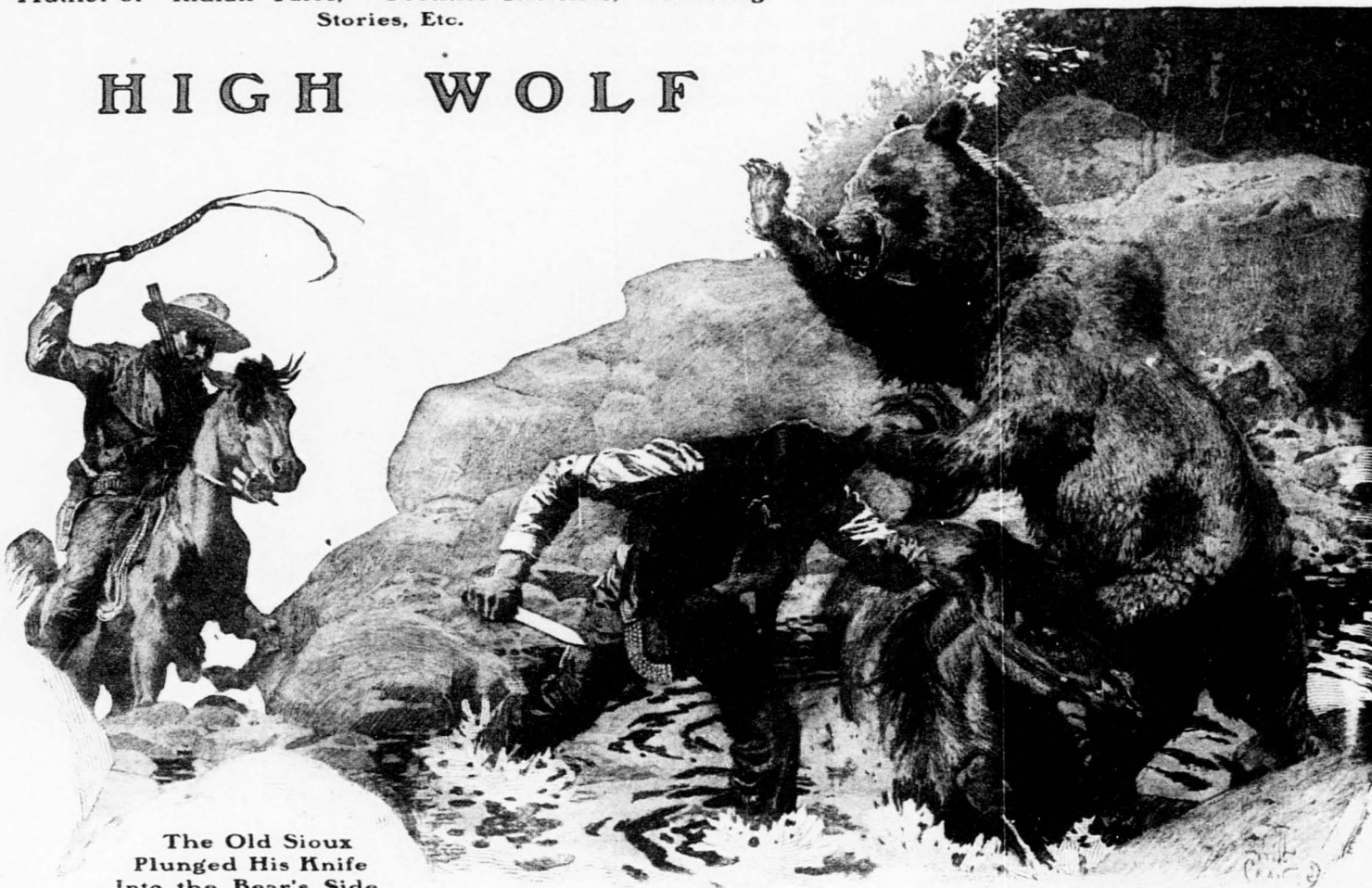
As I talked a little Sioux, High Wolf a little English, and we both had command of the sign language, communication between us was easy.

It was this Chief who gave me an Indian name, which has stuck where I am known at Sioux agencies. As a rule when High Wolf came into my commissary tent a number of men would be at hand upon some business or other. The clerk attended to their wants usually; but at evening there were matters which foremen and subcontractors wished to talk over with me. High Wolf, seeing me frequently engaged in conversation with a number of men, conceived the idea that I was always talking, and so he gave me the Indian name *Mato Iahan*, which means Talking Bear. I suppose the "Bear" was included to give distinction to the name. At any rate, *Mato Iahan* I am to this day among my Sioux friends.

High Wolf, on several occasions, showed his friendly interest by doing me a real service. His judgment on horse-flesh—pony-flesh at least—was well-nigh infallible.

An old frontiersman and horse ranchman of Washington Territory who had announced himself to me, on his arrival at my camp, as "Sam Keeler, of Klickitat, Klickitat County, Washington Territory," had brought a bunch of half-breeds, or as they are known on the range "American Horses," which are a cross between the out-and-out Indian pony and any kind of stock which the breeder may have chosen to import upon the range.

"Old Sam," as we had learned to call him, herded



The Old Sioux  
Plunged His Knife  
Into the Bear's Side



his bunch of ponies for about three weeks in the region of my camp. Then one morning he came to my commissary tent when High Wolf and I were the sole occupants.

"Well, boss," said "Old Sam," "I've sold out my bunch of stock to your men. I've got only my riding pony Coots left. I want to sell him to you. He's the best pony that was ever backed by any man in Wyoming Territory. I want thirty-five dollars for him. If you won't give me that I'll put him aboard a Union Pacific car and take him home."

"I don't want him," I said. "Good-morning," and turned to my work upon the pay-roll.

High Wolf, smoking quietly by himself, had listened to this conversation. When it was concluded, the Chief quietly rose and followed "Old Sam" outside.

It was perhaps fifteen minutes afterward that High Wolf again entered my tent. He came toward me with a diffident smile upon his face.

"Mato Iahan," he said, "you want ponee—good ponee—much good ponee?"

I looked up at him. "What is it?" I asked. "Very good pony?"

"Heap good pony," replied High Wolf.

And I went outside to look at a clay-bank creature with drooping head and listless air, which certainly did not impress me in the least. But I paid thirty-five dollars for the pony, and I never made a better bargain in a horse.

The proof came about the middle of October, when High Wolf and myself had gone on an elk-hunt on Wagon Hound Creek, some thirty miles from headquarters. We had camped over night on the creek and were getting ready for business in the morning, when there came up one of those fierce fall blizzards which now and then catch out even the most wary in this region. Its coming was like the coming of a cyclone, unheralded by threat of more than a few minutes' duration. The northwest mountains were suddenly obscured by a gray blanket, the sky became of a woolly consistency, and down came a roaring norther, obliterating the face of the earth in a veil of driven snow.

High Wolf had a tough "calico" pony of much endurance, and his counsel was for instant flight to camp. So we mounted and put our ponies' heads into the teeth of the wind. We were just three hours going thirty miles up hill and down, facing that blinding storm, and when we pulled in at camp my companion's pony reeled from weariness. But Coots! That listless little sorrel-top simply drew a long breath when I turned him into the stable, and plunged his nose into the hay-manger. And with much reason High Wolf boasted of his sagacity in securing for me such a mount.

The Chief was a good judge of men as well as horses. One day there came in at my office two men, in appearance of the usual sort who look for jobs along the railroads. They asked for work, and, paying them no particular heed, I entered their names on the pay-roll and directed them to a bunk-tent.

"No good," said High Wolf laconically as the fellows passed out of earshot.

I laughed at his terse judgment. This was Sat-

urday afternoon, and, sure enough, on Monday morning the men, having had five square meals, slipped out of camp and departed to find "easy grub" at some other quarters.

The final incident of our hunting together will attest my Indian comrade's reckless courage and the quickness of his mind to act in an emergency.

At the close of a year's railroad work, with High Wolf as my guide, I went to Rattlesnake Hills in search of grizzlies. We took quarters for the first week of November in an abandoned hunter's shack. Within a range of twenty miles or more, in a region where bears were known to be plentiful, at least in



"How, How!" Greeted the Little Man.

berry season, we found only one lean old "he" at large. This was a fleet and wily old animal whose nose was always to the wind. It was High Wolf's opinion, after a week of attempt to get this old fellow, that he would not "go into a hole," not having accumulated fat enough. The others, he said, were all in when we had come, which argued for a hard winter, as the bears had "laid down" when they were in the best possible condition, and they did not always sleep through the winters in this region.

Be this as it may, old lank-sides stayed out, and for no less than ten days continued to dodge us

among the rough "bad lands." In vain we baited him with the carcass of a mule-deer, trailed him along sandy runs, or laid in wait at the water-hole he had used for his mud baths.

A fleeting glance of his thin flanks, as he fled over a distant ridge, a glimpse of his reared head and hunched shoulders in the mouth of a coulee, and a vexatious snap-shot which kicked up the dust where he had been—these were our rewards in ten days of hunting.

Then, when we were not looking for him, the lean bear came to us. Because of a lack of grass about the shack, we took risks on our wagon-ponies and left them picketed out a quarter-mile from camp. We had given up bears and were riding out one morning to look after elk. We went down the creek to water our ponies and "change pins" on our wagon stock, and there we came upon the lean one calmly devouring one of our three picketed horses while the other two had pulled their pins and fled. With his jaws buried in fresh meat of his own kill, our wary old monster had put his nose out of the wind and padded the drums of his ears.

We were instantly after him, quirt and spur. Like a flash he went over the creek-bank and took to its narrow ditch-like channel, and he went up toward us and the rougher lands instead of running straight away—cunning old rascal!

If any reader has ever attempted shooting from horseback at a bear running in the channel of a mountain brook, he will give us full credit for the number of shots we missed during the first hot minutes of the chase.

The ground was so rough that we could barely keep pace with bruin, and my discovery, after twice emptying my magazine, that I had only two cartridges left, followed close upon seeing High Wolf drop his useless gun and flourish his arm at me as he spurred his pony to an utmost burst of speed. I saw that he intended to head bruin off, and saved my ammunition. It was a hot and reckless chase, High Wolf going over boulders, dodging trees and plunging into ditches until, at twenty rods, perhaps, in advance of the bear, he jumped his pony into the creek-channel and brought the cayuse to a stand.

No man could have done a braver or more effective thing. In that narrow ditch High Wolf and his pony blocked the grizzly's passage. And the bear did not hesitate in that instant to assert his right of way. He charged savagely, and man, horse and bear rolled together in the ditch.

Yet, swift as was my progress, High Wolf had somehow extricated himself from the mêlée when I came up, and while horse and bear rolled together, the grizzly blindly fighting and growling, the lithe old Sioux drew his knife and plunged it into the bear's side. My shot followed upon the stroke, and with a bullet in his brain, old lank-sides sank upon the body of the pony he had killed.

This bear, had he been fat, would have been the largest specimen of his kind which I had ever seen. And I may add, incidentally, that no amount of money, nor any itching for fame, could have induced me to throw myself, as High Wolf had done, unarmed across his path.

## ODD DEFENSES OF ANIMALS

By Charles F. Holder

Author of "Big Game Fishes," "Life of Charles Darwin," "Adventures of Torqua," Etc.

ONCE, wishing to test the question as to whether a certain lizard lying conspicuously on a stone was asleep, I struck the ground by its side smartly with the long lash of my riding crop, when the unexpected happened. The lizard may have been dozing, but it sprang to one side so quickly that I could not follow its movement, and dashed away, leaving behind what appeared to be another lizard grievously wounded.

It was about two and a half inches in length, coiling, twisting, rolling over and over, lashing the ground in convulsive struggles which lasted for several moments. Then I picked up the object, which was found to be the tail of the sleeping lizard, which, hopping about, imitated its better half so cleverly that my attention was centered on the tail while the body escaped.

There is an old story, which loses nothing in the telling, of a priest who, showing a newly arrived Irishman over St. Patrick's Cathedral, finally asked him what he thought of it. "It bates the devil," said Pat. "That's the intintion," replied the good father. And so I believe that it is the intention of the lizard to toss its tail off in moments of great danger, leaving the discarded portion to divert the attention of the enemy while the lizard makes its

escape. The extraordinary activity of the tail, and the fact that a new one will grow from the stump to replace the one lost, points to the conclusion that it is a part of the defensive armament of these little creatures.

To test this, on the slopes of the Sierra Madre where the poppy-covered mesa merges into the mountains, I caught a number of lizards—an easy matter—by turning over the stones in early morning when they would be found coiled in a state of semi-hibernation, chilled, a condition from which they were released by the hot sun as it came over the mountains, flooding the San Gabriel Valley with light.

The captives were placed in a small corral and fastened. At least one-third were without a tail; another third had a tail growing, in all stages of age or development; the others were perfect. With the last a series of experiments was tried. They were placed in the sun on a rock, then a hard quick blow was struck near them. Half of the lizards

flung the tail to one side so quickly that it came off, and twitched about on the rock with a rapidity of motion that was more than remarkable. I timed several, and the tails were possessed of muscular activity ten minutes after the separation from the body. The tails were not lacerated in the slightest when tossed off; nor did they bleed, the separation being at the vertebrae, which are connected so loosely that they fall apart at a slight jerk.

The lizards with new tails are easily recognized. The stumps are a lighter color than the rest of the body, and smooth until they attain their complete growth, which judging from specimens observed for several months, requires a year or more.

One of the interesting lizards of Southern California is the so-called horned toad, a spiny creature, broad and flat, easily domesticated and perfectly harmless despite its array of horns and generally ferocious appearance. The horned toad is a clever ferocious creature. It affects arid places and open roads, and when discovered flattens out and so resembles the soil that it becomes almost invisible. It has the faculty, common among lizards, of adapting its color to that of the surroundings. Thus in the lowlands where the soil is sandy or white, the lizards are a light gray; but upon the upper mesas or



the foot-hills, where there is more color, the horned toads are spotted with brown or reddish and yellow patches. I have taken a number and placed them on backgrounds of different colors, and in a few hours they had completely adapted themselves to the prevailing tint and it was impossible to distinguish them at a short distance.

Harmless and inoffensive as is the horned toad, it has one defense, which I have observed, and which was sufficient to protect it from a fox terrier. No amount of handling appeared to incense or annoy the lizard. It remained quiet in my hand and enjoyed being scratched; but the moment my inquisitive terrier approached and placed its nose near that of the lizard, the latter dropped its head, made a convulsive movement, and I found several drops of blood on my fingers, while the dog sneezed violently. I assumed that the dog had bitten the lizard, and noticed that the latter's eyes were suffused with blood.

Later I had several horned toads on the ground, and I noticed that the fox terrier approached them carefully, as though afraid, while as soon as the little creatures caught sight of the animal they appeared to be alarmed and dropped their heads, appearing as though dead. Directly opposite one of the lizards was a newspaper, bunched up, and simultaneously with the dropping of the lizard's head I saw some blood spots on the paper.

Believing that there was some connection between dog, blood spots and horned toad, I forced the terrier's nose near that of the lizard and distinctly saw the operation.

The lizard lowered its head, and from its eyes darted a reddish-colored stream amounting to several drops, that was so distasteful to the dog that he displayed great annoyance, rubbing his nose in the sand and sneezing; and that it was disagreeable there could be no doubt, for the dog would now approach the lizard only from behind.

I immediately examined the lizard's eyes and found them suffused with blood. So remarkable was the act that I could scarcely credit it; but I rigged a white-paper target or frame, placed several of the horned toads directly in front of it, holding them in my hands, and with the other forced the dog to approach them. In two or three cases, the moment the lizards perceived the dog almost touching them they lowered their heads, depressed the eyes violently, and several blotches of bloody fluid, the size of shot, struck the paper target at a distance of several inches. This experiment was not always successful, some lizards not appearing to be afraid of the dog, but I believe the act is a defense, pure and simple, of the lizard.

Exactly how it is accomplished it is difficult to say, but the supposition is that in some way the lizard convulsively discharges the blood-colored disagreeable fluid from its eyes with sufficient force to travel several inches and strike the enemy in the face. It may be that a blood-vessel is ruptured by the contraction.

That the fluid was so offensive to the dog suggests that it may be in part a secretion from some gland. However, this explanation is merely suggestive. Others have observed the same occurrence. The Smithsonian Report contains the account of one observer; but no one, apparently, has solved the mystery. That this is one of the clever devices of nature to enable defenseless animals to protect themselves, there can be little question.

One of the cleverest methods of evading an enemy I observed in Florida and in the Sierra Madre Mountains, in the case of a large black-and-white spider. I was crawling through the brush of Bird Key when I suddenly found the way closed by an enormous web, in the center of which was a spider nearly as large as a cherry, with vivid white marking. I watched it for a few moments, then rose to my feet to remove it; but the moment the spider caught sight of me it imparted a rocking, swinging motion to its web, gradually increasing it until presently the insect had



**Pabst American Indian Calendar**

size 7x36 inches, in 16 colors and gold, sent to any address, for 10¢ coin or stamps.

**Pabst American Indian Calendar for 1906**

A beautiful, decorative art panel of historic value as illustrating Indian character and Indian art, suitable for the living room, den or library. The photographic reduction here shown conveys but a faint idea of its color and beauty. Send for it, enclosing 10 cents in stamps or coin.

**Pabst Extract**

is pure malt—the most healthful of foods. Its benefits are two-fold—it quiets the nerves and aids digestion. It invigorates, it builds, it keeps you in condition, physically and mentally. That is why it is the "Best Tonic."

Pabst Extract is sold at all druggists for 25c. Avoid imitations. Insist upon the original.

**Pabst Extract Department,**  
Milwaukee, Wis.  
Mention this magazine.

apparently entirely disappeared from view. This continued for several moments, the spider gradually diminishing the swinging until the insect appeared motionless, only beginning it again when I made a movement.

So remarkable a device to convince an enemy that it had really disappeared I had never witnessed; but years after I met the same spider, or a near relative, high in the Sierras and observed the same trick. Doubtless the insect, being conspicuous, adopts the device to render itself invisible to certain birds which threaten it.

## CLAY PUZZLES

By René Bache

THE reason for the plasticity of certain kinds of earths was long a mystery, and only recently has it been ascertained that ball clays, the best of which are used by sculptors because they respond most readily to forming and molding, owe their peculiar property to the fact that they contain numerous tiny particles that soften and become sticky under the action of water. These particles themselves hold much water, concealed in a porous structure too fine to be discerned even with a powerful microscope.

It has been found that if masses of clay which have been worked with water to a pasty dough are allowed to remain undisturbed in that condition for some months, there is a notable increase in the plasticity and binding power of the material. The process is known as "tempering," or "ripening"; but not until recently has it been known that the effect described is due to a gradual softening of the sticky particles mentioned.

By soaking the clay in a dilute solution of tannic acid its binding power and plasticity are much increased, and the same effect has been produced by the use of infusions of dried leaves and straw (a process called "Egyptianizing," in remembrance of the method of brick-making employed under the Pharaohs); but why this should be the case nobody can tell.

Certain clays have the power to remove coloring matter from solutions by actually adhering to the fine particles held in suspension and "sweeping" them away. These are known as "fuller's earths," and are much used as clarifying and bleaching agents. Usually they are grayish-green, greasy to the touch, and if placed on the tongue appear to melt. Why they act as they do is another of the clay puzzles that has not been solved.

We import annually something like one hundred and seventy thousand long tons of clays, valued at one million six hundred thousand dollars, which are more suitable for certain purposes than any now produced in this country; but it is believed that we possess deposits equally good, and that some day the importation of such expensive clays will cease.

Various clays are adapted to different uses. There are china-clays, ball clays (which are the extremely plastic ones), stoneware clays, pipe-clays, fire-clays and brick-clays. China-clays burn white, and mixed with ball clay and quartz are used in the manufacture of porcelain and other forms of white ware. In the manufacture of high-grade pottery, clays are ground fine, washed, and sifted to reduce them to an even and uniform texture. But in general these earths differ so much in their properties that in nearly all manufactured articles of such material at least three clays are molded into a mixture, so that the substance may combine plasticity and other useful qualities.

\* \* \*

Morton: "Brewster's old scamp of an uncle died last week, and he falls heir to one hundred thousand dollars of the old miser's money."

Peyton: "He does, eh? Lucky beast! So that's what the sorry-band on his arm means, is it?"

Morton: "That's what it means, all right. Only, I wouldn't call it a 'sorry-band.' Brewster doesn't. He says it's his 'merry-go-round.'"



—THE—

### Angle Lamp

Kerosene is the best of all illuminants and the cheapest. The Angle Lamp makes it also the most satisfactory. It is the best of all kerosene lamps. Constructed on entirely different principles from the old-fashioned lamps, it makes kerosene (or petroleum)

**As Convenient as Gas or Electricity**

It is lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal. The Angle Lamp has completely superseded ordinary lamps and other unsatisfactory or unreliable systems, and is constantly replacing gas and electricity in the homes of those who cater to comfort and health. Just sit down and write for our catalog 45 and our proposition for selling on

**30 DAYS' TRIAL.**

Do it now—right away. It will tell you more facts about the How and Why of good light than you can learn in a lifetime's experience with poor methods.

**The Angle Mfg. Co., 78-80 Murray St., New York.**

### \$50.00 RUBBER TIRE

OPEN DRIVING WAGON

A gentleman's rig—has style and durability. 30 Days Free Trial. 2-year guarantee. Worth \$55. Large illustrated 1906 catalogue shows 100 styles carriages and harnesses. Write us what style vehicle you think of buying.

**The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.**  
H.C. Phelps, Pres.  
Station 254  
Cincinnati Ohio



**PATENTS that PROTECT**

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps


**R.S. & A.B. LACEY, Washington, D.C. Estab. 1869.**

### PLUMBING SUPPLIES

Buy at Wholesale Prices

Full stock, everything pertaining to the business. Warranted highest grade. Our prices save you 20 to 40 per cent. on any article. Quick shipments. Tell us your wants. Send for free illustrated catalogue.

**A. H. B. KAROL, 235 West Harrison Street, CHICAGO, ILL.**



### Solid as a Rock

## The Cleveland Trust Company

is a bank having the highest financial standing wherever it is known.

### Assets

## Twenty-eight Million Dollars

### 52,000 Individual Depositors

Under our perfected system of

### Banking by Mail

You will find it safe and convenient to deposit with this strong bank wherever you live. Our booklet "J" explains it and tells how we can pay

### 4 Per Cent. Interest

## The Cleveland Trust Company

CLEVELAND OHIO

### LAME PEOPLE!

The

### Perfection Extension Shoe

makes both feet appear exactly alike. Can wear ready-made shoes, slippers and rubbers with it. Worn with perfect ease and comfort. Very light and durable. No deposit required. Shipped on trial, expressage prepaid. Best and cheapest. No matter what you are wearing for a lift at present, it is to your interest to call or write for full particulars.

**HENRY D. LOTZ, 818 Third Avenue, New York.**

**WRITE A SONG AND MAKE A FORTUNE!**

We compose music to your words. **GROOM MUSIC CO.,** 11 Steinway Hall, Chicago.



## I Can Make You Well, Strong and Beautiful

EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, poise and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating nearly 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me know I can do as much for you.

Let me give you a perfectly balanced organism. Let me direct your breathing, your exercise, your diet; let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with itself and the rest of your body, each nerve center properly directing the organ it controls. The resultant strong vitality will enable you to resist disease, and I will make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy, graceful, beautiful—loving and beloved, with a mental calm which is life power and true beauty, making your life a satisfaction to yourself, making you the delight and admiration of your friends.

Only 15 Min. Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so. Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture. I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger. My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved. Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. In one year. My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a bony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise. My head is steady, the confused feeling having passed away. It is the best spent money ever used for myself. Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. When you request details about my lessons, I send you my general book free. This outlines my methods, and gives you many valuable health hints. With this book I will send, also free, my lesson on Poise, which teaches you how to stand and walk.

Personal Instructions included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence. I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, 57 Washington St., Dept. 57, CHICAGO



MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

### For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION

mark thus (XX) on blank below, opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark thus (X) opposite those which also interest you. If there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 57.

Too Thin  
Round shouldered  
Superfluous flesh  
Prominent hips  
Protruding abdomen  
Height  
Weight  
Do you stand correctly  
Thin chest  
Thin bust  
Thin neck  
Complexion  
Do you walk gracefully  
Weakness  
Lame back  
Dullness  
Irritable  
Nerves  
Headaches  
Catarrh  
Dizziness  
Indigestion  
Constipation  
Liver  
Kidneys  
Lungs  
Heart  
Throat  
Colds  
Rheumatism  
Circulation  
Blood

Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?  
Occupation?  
What is your age?  
Married or single?

Name  
Address

Fill out, cut off and mail this blank—NOW!

## EXTRAVAGANT ECONOMY

By William J. Lampton

John Jones he was a thrifty man,  
And Mrs. Jones was too—  
That is to say,  
Good Mrs. J.  
Was thrifty and would do  
Her share in saving; but she thought  
Her husband was a bit too taut.

He kept the purse-strings tied around  
His fingers in a twist,  
And every time  
She got a dime  
She had to force his fist.  
"Don't spend so much," he'd always say;  
"We're saving for a rainy day."

John owned a lot of property  
In buildings, farms and grain,  
With stock galore  
And stuff in store;  
But never stopped the strain  
To gather in all he could get  
Against the day that might be wet.

And still his wife could scarcely find  
Enough to eat and wear.  
Her bonnet had  
Grown old and sad,  
Her clothes made people stare;  
But John stayed in his narrow way,  
And harped upon "the rainy day."

The years went by. John saved and saved—  
Until the "Wet Spring" came,  
When floods poured down  
On farm and town,  
And washed away the same,  
Including John's possessions, which  
By now had made him very rich.

John and his wife took to the hills  
To save themselves, and he  
Began to swear  
And rip and tear  
At his adversity.  
Indeed, it was enough to cause  
A man to break the ten first laws.

But Mrs. J. was less disturbed,  
And as she shook her head  
At John's distress  
And wickedness  
In swearing so, she said:  
"Now John, don't carry on that way;  
You saved it for a rainy day."

### FISH WERE LIKE BAPTISTS

THE Rev. Dr. Green, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, one of the leading clergymen of Washington, while on a vacation in Virginia, was strolling along a brook and stopped to watch an old negro fishing.

"What do you call that last fish you caught?" the doctor asked.  
"Dat's Baptis' fish, sah," the old man replied.  
"Is there any reason for giving it such a name?"

"I spec's dey is, sah, an' it's dis: kase dey changes color an' sp'iles so quick de minute yoh gits 'em outen de watah, suh," the old man said solemnly.

### HIS INTEREST IN THE RENT

TIMOTHY WOODRUFF was engaged in conversation with some friends in Kingston, New-York, when one of the party referred to the fact that an extremely wealthy old man in the town had recently exhibited signs of incipient philanthropy.

"Why," said the friend, "do you know that yesterday he was taking around a petition for the purpose of raising funds to enable a poor woman to pay her rent?"

"Oh," said Woodruff, "I happen to know all about that. You see, Blank owns the house the poor woman lives in."

### BUTLER AND THE JUDGE

THE last time General Butler was in Washington he was closeted with Senator Eaton. He held some papers in his hand in such a way that an underscored marginal note, "Insult the Judge," caught Eaton's eye, and he asked what it meant.

"It's a case before Judge Shaw," Butler replied. "If I can only rouse his indignation, he is so just—painfully just—that he will give me the case for fear he is being biased against me by his personal feelings."

EASILY APPLIED QUICKLY DRIED

NATURAL  
**JAP-A-LAC**  
is the best varnish for  
**HARDWOOD FLOORS**  
either old or new.

It dries with a beautiful luster, and retains its brilliancy through wear and tear right down to the wood.

Besides Natural, JAP-A-LAC comes in twelve colors. It is a stain and varnish combined, and rejuvenates everything about the home.

"You can do the work yourself."

Upon receipt of ten cents, to cover cost of mailing, and the name of your dealer, we will send, FREE OF CHARGE, to any point in the United States, a one-fourth-pint can of Jap-A-Lac, together with interesting booklet and color card.

Ask your dealer or

**THE Glidden VARNISH CO.**  
Address Dept. 1-D.  
681 Williamson Bldg.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

**JAP-A-LAC**  
FLOORS

## LEARN DRESSMAKING At Home By Mail

You can quickly learn to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make and Trim any garment, from the plainest shirt-waist to the finest costume. We teach you to **Cut and Fit by Measure**. Nothing more than a tape-line, yard-stick and scissors required. If you are now a dress-maker or a seamstress, take a course in our school and increase your present income. Follow our instructions and fill **Good Positions at \$15.00 to \$100.00 Per Week**, or conduct a first-class business of your own. If you do not wish to do professional dressmaking, the cost is so small that you can well afford to take the course if only to **Make Your Own Clothes** better and cheaper. It is the Best, Cheapest, Easiest and Quickest system to learn, and **IT CAN BE READILY TAUGHT BY MAIL.**

No Previous Experience Necessary.

Established in 1902. Thousands of satisfied students all over the United States. Write to-day for testimonials and large catalogue and terms **FREE.**

**COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
398 Globe Block, Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A.

### A SAFE INVESTMENT

## 8% DIVIDENDS GUARANTEED

Preferred Stock in an established and money-making manufacturing business. Fulllest investigation invited. Write for prospectus and full particulars.

**THE DR. BROWN COMPANY,**  
935 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE**

An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold-Plated case, warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch, warranted for 25 years; also a Gold Filled Ring set with a Sparkling Gem are given free to any one for selling only 20 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Send name and address for Jewelry; when sold send us the \$2 and we will send you the Gold Watch and the Ring. **EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 87, East Boston, Mass.**

## Church Money

If you wish to raise cash easily and quickly for any church, Sunday school or Society fund, send a postal today for the booklet **"MONEY RAISING PLANS FOR CHURCH WORKERS."** New Method Souvenirs of church and pastor have already raised in cash over \$200,000. We will send you hundreds of letters in which church workers tell how they use the plans.

Write for this book today  
New Method Co., 5837 Prairie Ave., Chicago

## A PEEP INSIDE WILL MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL

For old and young alike. Something entirely new. Learn how to retain your youth, improve your personal appearance and make yourself more attractive. If you would be beautiful, send your name and address today and we will mail the above booklet to you absolutely free.

**ANNA AYERS,**  
Dept. 42-17 Quincy St., CHICAGO, ILL.

## This Tinted Bulgarian Cloth Centerpiece Free

We will send you postpaid, our Special Center-piece Embroidery Outfit, containing  
One 22-inch Bulgarian Art Cloth Centerpiece, Tinted in Colors.  
Six Skeins Richardson's Grand Prize Wash Embroidery Silk.  
One Diagram Lesson—every stitch numbered—showing exactly how to work design.

If you will send us 24 cents to cover cost of silk. We give you the Centerpiece and Diagram Lesson Free. This Centerpiece is the rare and popular Bulgarian Art Cloth—especially imported by us. Your choice of three new designs, Carnation, American Beauty Rose or Violet.

We make this offer because we want you to use Richardson's Silk and know for yourself that it is the best in the world.

Send us 12 two-cent stamps, or 24 cents currency, today—mention design wanted and get six skeins silk. Free Bulgarian Art Cloth Centerpiece and Diagram Lesson. Do it now.

Address envelope to  
Richardson Silk Co., Dept. 160, 220-224 Adams St., Chicago.



**AIR GUN FOUNTAIN PEN**

**SEND NO MONEY.**

We give 100 premiums for selling our Best Quality NEW GOLD EYE NEEDLES at 5c a package. Quick sellers. We give FREE with every two packages a Silver Aluminum Thimble. Send us your name and address, letter or postal, ordering two dozen needle papers and one dozen thimbles. We send at once postpaid with Large NEW Premium List. When sold send us \$1.20 and we will send premium which you select and are entitled to, in the premium list. Write to-day and get extra present FREE.

**PEERLESS MFG. CO., Greenville, Pa. Box 225**

TELESCOPE CAMERA OUTFIT

## APRON PATTERN FREE!

This is the best apron pattern ever offered and it is something every lady needs. You cannot fail to be pleased with this one and all new subscribers to the

People's Popular Monthly will receive one free. This is a prize pattern. Takes 4 7-8 yds. of material one yard wide. Only two buttons. Small, medium and large size. The PEOPLE'S POPULAR MONTHLY is a fine, 24-page, beautifully illustrated home magazine for women and girls, filled with bright, interesting stories and well edited departments on Fancy Work, Home Dress-making, Cooking, Flowers, Chats With Girls, etc. It is being improved with every issue and is now one of the most "popular" story papers published. It is cheap at fifty cents, which is the regular subscription price, but in order to introduce our magazine to new readers we send THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR MONTHLY a full year and the apron pattern for only 25c.

Address,  
**PEOPLE'S POPULAR MONTHLY,**  
234 Manhat'n Bldg.,  
Des Moines, Iowa.



Send for One Today.

## FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

Guaranteed American Watch with gold-laid case beautifully engraved, and works warranted by the manufacturers, who will repair any breaks for one year. Perfect time-keeper. Hour, minute and second hands; Arabic dial; very thin. Given ABSOLUTELY FREE, and with it comes a handsome gold band Ring which will wear for years. Simply send us your name and address for only 24 Packages of BLUINE to sell at 10c a package. Every one will buy of you. Return our \$2.40 from the sale and we will

at once send you the Gold Watch and Ring. We have given away over 2,500,000 premiums.

**BLUINE MFG. CO. (Old Reliable Firm.)**  
314 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

**SONG WRITERS**  
Your Poems May Be Worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS Send them to us today. We Will Compose the Music.  
Hayes Music Co., 87 Star Bldg., Chicago



## Dress Better and Save Money

It will pay you in dollars and cents to wear better clothes. Every man or woman who come in contact with, either in business or socially, will think more of you and of your ability. Good clothes will help you make the year the most successful you have ever known. We will dress you better, and in better style and more economically in one of our

### Made-to-Order Suits For Only \$10.00

We know how to build Suits and Overcoats that will give you a dressy, broad-shouldered, prosperous appearance, and that will be a comfort to wear. The Suits and Overcoats we cut, trim and make strictly to order for \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00 are more stylish, better tailored, and give more genuine satisfaction than any suit you can have made in the smaller cities at any price.

#### Satisfaction

#### Guaranteed or Money Refunded

We tailor thousands of suits for bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors and men in every walk of life, who recognize us as experts in the tailoring art. We guarantee to dress you stylishly, fit you perfectly, and save you 1/2 to 1/3 the price on your new Suit or Overcoat, or refund every cent of your money.

Write today for our full line of nobby Suitings and Overcoat Samples, and our New Style Book showing the latest New York and Chicago models, all sent free.

Owen T. Moses & Co., 235 Moses Bldg., Chicago

References: By permission we refer you to Milwaukee Ave. State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock \$250,000.00.



## WHITELAW'S Paper Blankets

**SANITARY · HEALTHFUL · WARM ·**

Bed Clothing should be warm and light. Blankets and thick counterpanes should never be put upon the bed. The weight is depressing, retains perspiration, causes nightmare and is unhealthy. Paper Blankets are warmer than woolen, and weigh only eight ounces each. Made of strong sterilized paper, kid finish, will not slip or rustle. Cost less than washing Blankets. They are an application of **A Well-known Scientific Principle**. Every bed should have one between sheet and top cover. Price \$3.00 a dozen, full size; or we will send three full size for sample, postpaid, for \$1.00.

WHITELAW PAPER GOODS CO. Dept. 6 Cincinnati, Ohio

## PRESTO

**WILL FIT YOUR BABY BUGGY**

**USEFUL TO MOTHERS**  
It saves their strength. Our Presto Attachment enables them to use runners on snow and ice, wheels on bare ground, and push baby's carriage anywhere easily. No complicated mechanism, change from wheels to runners instantly. No stooping. Just Touch Button with foot, and "Presto" raises, giving free use of the wheels. Price of this device, ready to attach to your baby's carriage is \$3.75. All dealers, or direct, express paid, \$4.00. Catalog "G" and special Offer—Free. Write to-day—this ad will not appear again. Kalamazoo Sled Co., 870 3rd St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

## ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable. Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries. Catalogue free. **KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO., 435 North St., Kokomo, Indiana.**

## 150 MAGIC TRICKS 10c

For 10 cents we will send you by return mail 150 Magic Tricks with cards, ribbons, rings, coins, etc., all so clearly explained and illustrated that with only a little practice you can easily perform them and be as great a magician as Herrman or Kellar. No other means of entertaining is so effective, yet it is so easy to learn. We guarantee success. Big Catalog of 1000 other tricks sent free with each order. Get these tricks and be popular with your friends. S. DRAKE, Dept. 356, 510 Jackson St., Chicago.

## VIA PUNKIN FRESHET

Continued from page 8

his streaming eyes. "If so be you're Jeff Atkins's girl that I've heard my mother speak of in days past, then you 'n' me ought to know one another, for your people and mine was like own folks before yourn moved down river."

With eyes reddened by the sulphur fumes they stared at each other with fresh interest.

"Beats all how folks lose run of other folks," he observed.

"Yes, and then how something happens all to once to bring 'em together."

"Prob'ly you've seen me a hunderd times round to the fairs and didn't know who 'twas. I'm foreman of Tiger Number One and p'raps you've seen me takin' command in the prize squirts." His tones had a thrill of pride.

"I don't reckon I ever have," she returned disappointingly. "I never heard tell of you except as my folks used to tell of the Bushees." Then seeing that his face told of his wounded self-love she added hastily: "But you know there are so many reel prominent men in these days that you don't git run of 'em all. But I tell you it makes me feel pretty proud to have a reel fireman—and the head one at that—put out a fire for me and save my buildin's. But you're all a-drip, you poor dear man, and you'll ketch your death o' cold, if you ain't got it already."

She took him by the arm, patted his wet back and with tender solicitude led him into the house. A half-hour later, arrayed in some garments of the elder and departed Atkins that she had found in a chest, he was sitting with his feet in the oven, sipping ginger-tea and swapping family reminiscences.

"It's remarkable how close it brings people together to meet in times of danger," Miss Atkins had frequently remarked as she bustled about preparing a bountiful breakfast. "I saved you and then you turned to and saved me. It jest sets folks to thinkin', them things do!"

When he had laid down the last bone of his half of a fried chicken he reflectively unbuttoned three buttons of the deceased Atkins's vest, sighed with a comfortable full breath and said with soulful emphasis:

"I've et in my time, and I've et, Aurory—I'm goin' to call ye Aurory, sence we're re'lly like own folks—I say ag'in, I've et before, but I swear I never tasted no sech meal o' victuals as that in all my life."

"Oh, sho!" she answered with mock impatience. The belching oven heat had painted her cheeks, but his words brightened her eyes. "It was only because you got here hungry as all git-out."

"I've lived on old bach rations long enough to know victuals when I see 'em," he persisted warmly. He was absent-mindedly fumbling at the pockets of the departed Father Atkins's clothes.

"I waited and tended father long enough to know what men folks want after a meal," she said, cocking her eye at him shrewdly. She handed down a tin box from the mantel shelf. It was filled with old pipes, and a tobacco plug and gummy old knife were there.

"Cracky!" he exploded, as he nibbled little crumbs of the tobacco into his palm with the knife-blade, "I'd a hated to hear the call to the Sperit Land if I'd been your father. You must have made it turrible comf'table for him, Aurory."

He got his pipe going at last and peered at her through clouds of smoke as she bustled about. "You've got a lot to thank Providence for. Your house is left to you." He sighed. "I ain't got no home no more."

"My Lord!" she ejaculated, whirling on him, sympathy in her gaze. "I'd forgot to ask you if you'd stood through the wash-out up your way. You're out of house and home, you say? Poor man! I'm dretful sorry for ye." She sat down and blinked at him pityingly.

"I reckon I could have saved the heft of my property," he went on, "if I had

stayed to home and tended out. But I had my bounden duty to perform. I'm foreman of the Tigers, ain't I?" He drove away the smoke clouds with his hand in order to bend his earnest gaze on her. "I'd taken oath to pectect lives and property. I was out and about savin' and pectectin'. I tell ye, Aurory, it hurt my feelin's when she—" He choked suddenly and coughed, rolling his eyes in embarrassment. "I mean to say," he resumed, "that meddlin' people up that way scoffed and jeered at me for not forgittin' my bounden duty. They figgered as how I was a fool not to stay at home."

"I think it was noble of you!" she cried, her eyes flashing. "I could see that you was a hero when you went at my fire as you did. Sech men as you are deserve monnyments. I never see any men before that wa'n't narrer and bigoted and selfish, and I've been more contenteder to live old maid than have truck or traffic with 'em. But you, Columbus, are what I call a man instead of an eatin' machine set up on two legs. I know what the Bushees are. There's a good and noble streak in the whole of 'em."

"And the Atkinses allus was the smartest folks in the country round here, clear way back to the time of Gran'ther Thelesmer Atkins himself," he said warmly.

They gazed at each other with mutual admiration.

"I wisht 'twas so I could have a woman like you that knows what a man's bounden duty is and respects it," he declared; "but I've been and—"

"I'm goin' to meet you half-way," she cried. "I can see jest what kind of a man you are. You're too modest and meechin'. You don't have to humble yourself to coax me. I'm goin' to stand right up to you and say that I'll be proud and happy to have you for a husband. Providence has taken away your own home and has sent you here to me when I realized that I needed a real man."

"I thank you, Aurory," he replied waveringly; "but—"

"You needn't explain," she broke in cheerily. "I understand you better than you do yourself. But you're lookin' all white and stewed up. You've had a turrible night, poor man. I sha'n't let you set up a minute longer to talk. You go right into father's room and lay down." She patted his hand and led him to the door, pushed him into the bedroom and left him alone.

He stood in the middle of the room

# The Start to a Better Salary

Half of getting anywhere is in making the start.

If you want to be successful—if you want to better your position—*make the start*. We have made the *start* easy, and we have made the *whole way* to success easy. So easy, in fact, that you will be surprised at the insignificance of the barrier that has kept you back. The start to success is to simply fill in and mail to us the coupon below.

Read over the list of occupations in the coupon, mark **X** before the one you want to enter, fill in and mail the coupon to us. By return mail we will tell you how you can easily, inexpensively, and in your spare time qualify yourself for the position you want and we'll send proof of it in the form of facts as to what we have done for others.

### International Correspondence Schools

Box 822 SCRANTON, PA.  
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked **X**

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Mech. Engineer
Show Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Mechan'l Draughtsman	Civil Engineer
Ornamental Designer	Build'g Contractor
Illustrator	Architect
Civil Service	Architect
Chemist	Bridge Engineer
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Foreman Plumber
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## LADIES WANTED

To take orders for Dress Goods and Waistings. Latest designs, quality positively guaranteed; samples FREE. Name responsible references. **SCOTT NOVELTY CO., Dept. B, 99 Franklin St., N.Y.**

## Merrill and Baker's Failure

PLACES IN OUR HANDS THE REMAINDER OF THEIR GREATEST PUBLICATION

### Ridpath's History of the World

New, latest edition, down to date, beautifully bound in Half Morocco

At **LESS** than even **DAMAGED SETS** were ever sold

We will name our price only in **direct letters** to those sending us the **Coupon** below. **Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it.**

Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive an income from his History, and to **print our price broadcast** for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets would cause **great injury to future sales.**

The reason for Dr. Ridpath's enviable position as an historian is his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes intensely interesting. 200,000 Americans own and love Ridpath. **Send Coupon To-day.**

**\$1**  
Only  
brings the  
complete  
set, bal-  
ance small  
sums  
monthly.



NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Please mail without cost to me Ridpath Sample Pages and full particulars.



**WHEN YOU SEE THIS SIGN  
ASK FOR A MASSAGE**



**USE POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM**

If you patronize a barber, remember that the Pompeian sign in a barber shop is proof that you can get a real massage there—a hand-massage with Pompeian Massage Cream.

If you shave yourself, you can get a jar of the cream from your druggist, and with our book, perform facial massage yourself. Have

**Pompeian Massage Cream**

in the house in either case. After the day's work or sport, nothing is more refreshing than a good facial massage. Those whose occupation or sports expose their hands and faces to accumulation of dust and grime, find Pompeian Massage Cream the only thing that will entirely remove the soil from the skin. It removes the pore-dirt that soap cannot reach—and, increases the blood circulation, relaxes the muscles and makes the flesh firm and the complexion clear.

Don't allow the druggist to sell you an imitation, nor let your barber use a substitute—imitations do not do the work and may do harm. Look for trade mark on bottle and see that the name "Pompeian" is there.

Your wife or sister will be glad to have a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in the house. Most women to-day recognize the value of this preparation in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin. It contains no grease and makes the use of face powders unnecessary.

**SAMPLE MAILED FREE**

Send your name to-day—we also send a complete book on Facial Massage.

Regular size jars sent by mail where dealer will not supply. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 a jar.

**POMPEIAN MFG. COMPANY**  
69 Prospect St. Cleveland, Ohio

Men like Pompeian Massage Soap. A high grade toilet article, healing and refreshing, but not highly perfumed. Sold everywhere.



This is the jar the barber buys.

This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.

**RUBIFOAM**

Not in the Eyes

alone do beauty and charm of feature lie. The laughing, beautiful mouth where the dentifrice **Rubifoam** leaves its pearls and breathes its purity is far more delightful. It's wise to use

**RUBIFOAM**

**25 cents Everywhere.**

Sample Vial Free.

**E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.**



**80 PAGE EYE BOOK**

**FREE TELLS HOW TO CURE**

Weak Eyes, Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Failing Sight or Blindness at home. Thousands used this treatment and were cured. Dr. Coffee sends Eye Book and Professional Opinion of your case free. Write today to **DR. W. O. COFFEE, 760 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.**

**Gold Watch AND RING FREE**

An American Movement Watch with beautifully engraved Solid Gold Plated Case equal in appearance to a 25 year Solid Gold Filled Watch. Fully warranted to keep correct time. Also a Solid Rolled Gold Ring set with a rare Clasp Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a \$50 diamond, are given absolutely Free to anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the \$2. and we positively send you both the watch and ring, and a chain, ladies or gent's style. **ERIE MFG. CO., DEPT. 52, CHICAGO.**

**IN THE TROPICS OF MEXICO**

FORTUNES ARE BEING MADE

If you are interested you cannot afford to be without the magazine

**"Tropical Agriculture,"**

17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK.

Room January Issue **FREE.** Just out. Sent

**SQUAB BOOK FREE**

Eat squabs, and when you buy them ask for Plymouth Rock squabs, which are the largest and best. Big money raising squabs. Ready for market in only four weeks, sell for fancy prices. Write for our Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.,** 212 Howard St., Melrose, Massachusetts

for a time, looking blankly out through the window on the rolling flood, his arms hanging limply at his sides.

"Lordy-mighty!" he groaned, "Mormons ain't no wuss than I be! I've knowed a punkin freshet could do a lot of damage, but I didn't know it could skew-angle moral natur' like this, and set ev'ry woman along the river jumpin' at ye like ye was a prize log. This is goin' to take mediatin' and a lot of it."

Five minutes later he was on his back across the log-cabin-pattern quilt, snoring with a vehemence that made the windows rattle.

When at last his eyes snapped open he realized that he must have had quite a nap, for the westering sun was blazing in through the window—and he also realized what had awakened him. Two strident voices were vigorously discussing something in the adjoining room.

"Do you suppose it's me," cried one, "that's had two men row me down from Newry Bridge, searchin' ev'ry eddy and logan of this river for his remains, that don't know his leather hat there behind your stove and you a-ironin' out all that wet money that you found in his pocket-book?"

He rolled off the bed and stood in the middle of the floor, blinking his sleep-dimmed eyes. Through the window he saw a bateau pulled up on the shore.

"Anyone that will ketch and rob the body of a drowned man ain't no better than a thief!" continued the shrill voice.

"Clorinthy's come!" he gasped.

"You touch that hat or that sack or this money," shrieked the other voice, "and I'll drive this hot flat-iron right through you!"

"Also evident that Aurory is still here," he muttered with a grim twist to his mouth.

"That 'ere is the proputtty of a man that was jest as good as bein' my lawful wedded husband, and I call on you to pass it over."

"I'd be a pretty spectacle standin' here and givin' away some one else's money to the first comer-along with an itchin' fist and a tongue like a whip-snapper!" retorted the spinster.

"I call on you once more to deliver that proputtty and show me where the remains are laid out!" said the widow in a voice that grated ominously.

"You trapse forward another step acrost my kitchen and I'll leave you in the shape the tramp left the mince-pie!" There was equal menace in the tones of the spinster.

"By the Lord Gull! if I don't believe them two women are gittin' ready to fight over me or—or—that nine hundred dollars," muttered the foreman. "There ain't nothin' else for it!" He pushed open the door and stepped into the kitchen, shutting his eyes uneasily as he looked first at one and then the other.

"Oh, you ain't dead then," observed the widow with so much self-possession that Bushee snapped indignant eyes at her hard-heartedness.

"You ought to be if what she says about you is true," put in the spinster, nipping her lips spitefully.

Then the foreman of Tiger Company glowered on the two of them. "You jest shet up a minute, the two of ye, and listen to me!" he roared, flapping his hands to check their insistent reproaches. "I've cal'lated I won't marry anyone. I ain't a marryin' man. I'm seein' ev'ry day what women really are. If there's been things said about marryin' anyone it was all due to the punkin freshet. It has turned things over. I'm back on my feet once more. I sha'n't git married. That's all there is to it. I sha'n't! My bounden duty is enough for me to tend to after this."

"I reckon you've heard of sech things as breach-o'-promus' suits," suggested the widow, licking her lips.

He stared from one to the other, and their expression of grim malevolence seemed to be the same.

"Oh, that's all the two of ye want of me, hey?" he demanded, his beard seeming to bristle in his sudden anger.

On the ironing-board was strewn the money that the spinster had been ironing

**POND'S EXTRACT**  
THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

**Hygiene of the Sick Room**

In caring for the comfort and hygiene of the patient, the trained nurse finds a hundred uses for that good old remedy, **POND'S EXTRACT**. It refreshes the face serves as an excellent mouth wash, cools the aching head and induces sleep, removes bed sores and stiffness, and affords relief from pain when all else fails.

*Witch Hazel is not the same thing. On analysis of seventy samples of Witch Hazel—often offered as "the same thing"—fifty-two were shown to contain wood alcohol or formaldehyde or both. To avoid danger of poisoning use*

**POND'S EXTRACT**  
THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

And ev'ry strand's a fetter,  
Entangling all our hearts."



Which kind of hair do you have? The rich, heavy, young kind? Then you are happy. Or the thin, scraggly, old kind? Then use **Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer**, and you will be happy. The hair grows more rapidly, stops coming out, and all the natural, deep, rich color returns to gray hair.

For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black. **R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.**

**A DAINTY TOILET ARTICLE**

**FROSTILLA**  
HOLMES' TRADE FRAGRANT  
CHAPPED HANDS CHAFING & MARK

**MAKES ROUGH SKIN SMOOTH.**  
ONCE TRIED—ALWAYS USED.

Elegantly perfumed, not greasy or sticky. Keeps the hands and face soft as velvet. Will relieve any irritation of the skin, such as Chaps, Chafing, Salt Rheum or Sunburn. One trial will convince that there is nothing better. Sold by toilet goods dealers everywhere. Call for **FROSTILLA** and take nothing else. If you can not procure it send 25 cents for bottle post paid to

**CLAY W. HOLMES, ELMIRA, N. Y.**

**Mme. Robinnaire's Walnut Hair Dye**

—Why shouldn't you dye your hair?—when I have found a **natural vegetable dye** in walnut juice that actually **strengthens** as well as **dyes** the hair? If your hair—or whiskers—are gray, streaked or faded, get **Robinnaire's Walnut Hair Dye** from your druggist at once. It will not merely **color** your hair, but restore the **natural shade** of black or brown with three or four applications a year.

The juice of the walnut keeps both hair and scalp in a healthy condition, stimulates growth and prevents dandruff. You will be greatly pleased with its work.

Small size, 25c; four times the quantity, 75c. If your druggist does not keep it, don't delay, but send to me at once for either bottle, postpaid.

**Mme. Robinnaire, Dept. 25, Atlanta, Ga.**

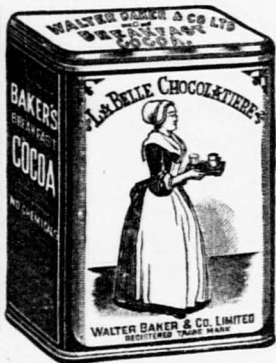
**Learn to MOUNT BIRDS**  
mail to

**and Animals.** A delightful work for Men, Women and Boys. Quickly learned during spare time. Fascinating, profitable, Adorn home, den and office with beautiful specimens. Thousands of successful students. **Satisfaction Guaranteed.** Our new catalog and copy of the **Taxidermy Magazine Absolutely Free. Write to-day. The N. W. School of Taxidermy, 126 K St., Omaha, Neb.**





Holds America's Highest Prize

Walter Baker & Co.'s  
Breakfast CocoaFinest in  
the World

46

HIGHEST  
AWARDS IN  
EUROPE  
AND  
AMERICASold in 1/2-lb. and 1/4-lb. Cans  
FULL WEIGHT

WALTER BAKER &amp; CO. Limited

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

"The Whole Thing in a Nut Shell"

200 Eggs  
a Year  
Per Hen

HOW TO GET THEM

The fifth edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged and in part rewritten. 96 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of \$100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c—yet we guarantee it to start hens to laying earlier and to induce them to lay more eggs than any other method under the sun. The book also contains recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 68 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,496 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902." From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock the author got 2,099 eggs in one year—an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been my ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common-sense way.

Price 50 cents; or with a year's subscription 60c.; or given as a premium for four yearly subscriptions to the American Poultry Advocate at 25c. each.

Our Paper is handsomely illustrated, 44 to 80 pages, 25 cents per year, 4 months trial, 10 cents. Sample free. CATALOGUE of poultry books free.

AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE  
55 Hogan Block, Syracuse, N. Y.



PRINTING PRESS AND OUTFIT  
FREE

BOYS, this Printing Press and Outfit, consists of Press, Ink Roller, Font of Type, Blank Cards, Ink and Gold Bronze, etc. You can print your own cards and for your friends. This is a whole printing office. We give it free for selling only 20 assorted jewelry articles at 10c. each (no trash). We trust you for the jewelry until sold.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.,  
Dept. 28, East Boston, Mass.

"THE BEST" NURSER  
Prevents Wind Colic and Bowel Trouble.  
NIPPLE CANNOT COLLAPSE.  
Price at Druggists, 25c., with a "Clingfast" Nipple, or from us, postpaid, 35c.  
GOTHAM CO., 82 Warren Street, New York.

to dry it. She had rescued it from the soggy wallet when she was solicitously drying the foreman's clothes.

He strode forward, scraped it into a heap, licked thumb and forefinger, and began to count. "There!" he snapped at last. "There's four hundred and fifty in one pile and four hundred and fifty in the other. Each of ye step forward and pick up your pile. It will be a cheap way of gittin' rid of ye and findin' out what women really be. I warn ye ye'd better take it as ye find it. Neither of ye has got any proof ag'in' me. Ye never can collect in court. But that's all right—I'm willin' to be bled to find ye out. There's worse things in this world than losin' a little money."

Widow Clorintha Skidmore licked her lips some more, wrinkled her eyebrows in calculation, gazed on the money with lust, and at last snapped forward, grabbed a pile and started for the door.

"I reckon it's good reddance to bad rubbage," she barked over her shoulder. "I'm glad I found out your caliber, Columb Bushee."

But as the widow disappeared through the door the spinster picked up the other pile of bills and flung them into Bushee's face.

"Gaffe up your old shin-plasters and git off'n my premises!" she cried. "My pride ain't for sale—not if ye laid down ten thousand dollars. I thought I was gittin' a real man; but I've found ye out."

"We seem to be havin' a sort of a findin'-out bee here to-day," he observed, stooping and gathering the scattered bills. "Then ye ain't willin' to settle for four hundred and fifty," he resumed as he straightened up at last.

"You don't owe me northin' but your apologies, Mister Columbus Bushee!" Her eyes flashed angrily. "Take yourself off!"

"Now look here," he said, planting himself before her with determination, "in this gen'ral operation of findin' out I've found out what sort of a woman you are. That there was all a mistake." He pointed to the boat splashing away up river. "There's mistakes made ev'ry day by better men than I be. I'm sorry I ever made that mistake." He pointed again at the departing boat. "I'm sorry I made the mistake of twittin' you with that money. She's sold herself cheap, and she's welcome to it. I've got plenty more. But as for you, I never see a woman squarer and straighter and more deservin' a good husband sech as I'll make ye. Won't ye forgive me and marry me, Aurory?" His tone was wistful.

She looked at him a long time, and at last her eyes softened. "You're a poor, homeless man," she said, "and standin' there in dad's clothes as you do, I pity you. It wa'n't no wonder you got frustrated. But jest one minute," she cried as he was coming toward her. "You say I'm square! Well, I am. I allus tell the truth. When I throwed that money at ye it was because I'd rather have you than the money—and I knowed it would fetch ye. Now if ye want me after I own up to that it's for you to say."

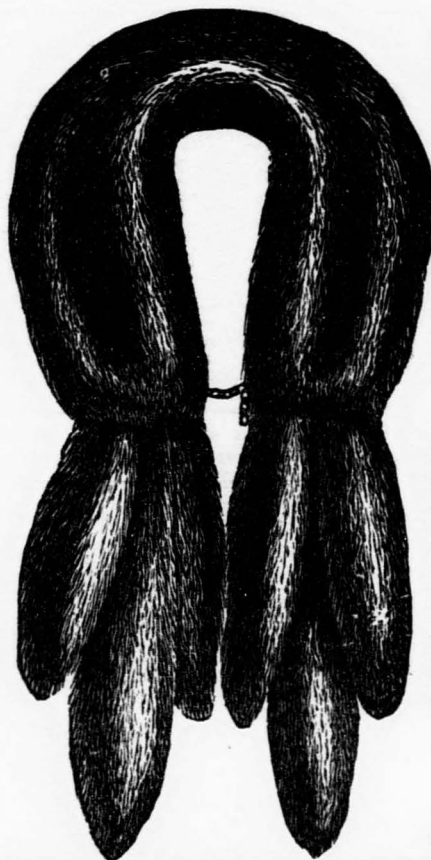
"Land love ye!" he declared, "it's a smart woman I'm lookin' for. There's plenty of the fool kind left for other men that ain't found 'em out." He cast one more glowering look at the vanishing boat and then went to her and kissed her. "A steel trap ain't in it with ye for smartness," he said admiringly.

## THE INFIDEL'S CONTRIBUTION

ONE evening, while lecturing at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, I was dining with Dr. Talmage. Colonel Ingersoll was also a guest. Turning abruptly to the host, the latter remarked:

"By the way, doctor, I attended your evening service last Sunday, and I liked it, only when your contribution-box was passed, I put in what I thought was a one and found out later that I had put in a ten."

The doctor looked at him with his expressive face full of anxious sympathy. "Meant to put in only one dollar and put in ten by mistake, did you?" he asked, and as Ingersoll nodded he continued: "Too bad, too bad! God will give you credit for only one dollar, Colonel."

FREE!  
Handsome Fur Scarf

Send your name and address and we will send you at once 24 pieces of our new swell Art Jewelry, consisting of Real Gold-Plated Articles worn by the very best people. Every one will gladly buy one or more of these at 10 cents apiece. Return us the \$2.40 collected and we will immediately send you this

## BEAUTIFUL FUR SCARF.

It is nearly one and one-half yards long, made from dark Baltic Seal, has six heavy Tabs, is warm and dressy, and is the very popular style which the illustration shows, and we know you will be more than pleased with it. It is an elegant fur and thoroughly good, and it will give years of satisfactory wear. The only reason that we can offer them is that we had these furs made up for us by a leading manufacturer during the dull summer months, when he could afford to quote us a very low price. This is the only reason that we are able to give you such an expensive premium. We hope that you will take advantage of our offer without delay. This is an extraordinary offer and cannot be duplicated by any other reliable concern. Your credit is good with us, and we trust you with the gold-plated jewelry novelties until you sell them. Write at once. Address

Friend Supply Co.,

DEPARTMENT 367

1 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

The "SUN" OUTSHINES THEM ALL!

7TH YEAR OF SUCCESS  
SUN Incandescent Gasoline LAMP

Makes and burns its own gas without odor, grease, bother. Beautifully decorative fixtures. Conforms to insurance underwriters' rules.

We Want Agents  
Branch supply depots in all larger cities. Get Catalog.  
SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO. Box 927, Canton, O.  
Licensee of the Campbell patent.

BOYS. THIS AIR RIFLE is 2 1/2 feet long, weighs 2 lbs.; elegantly finished, steel barrel, all working parts nickel-plated; walnut stock, pistol grip, peep sights; used indoors or for killing small game; shoots BB shot and darts; most accurate rifle made. Send us your name and address for only 20 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10c. each, return \$2.00 when sold and we will send this rifle at once and a supply of shot.

FREE

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 27, East Boston, Mass.

## Partly Paid For Books

One Man's Loss is  
Another Man's Gain

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY; READ CAREFULLY



32 Magnificent  
Books, Less than  
49 Cents a  
Volume

## TITLES OF BOOKS.

William the Conqueror	Cleopatra
Alexander the Great	Margaret of Anjou
Alfred the Great	Richard II.
Richard I.	Darius the Great
Cyrus the Great	Peter the Great
Genghis Khan	Hannibal
Xerxes	Nero
Julius Caesar	Romulus
Pyrrhus	Hortense
Charles I.	Madame Roland
Josephine	Henry IV.
Marie Antoinette	Joseph Bonaparte
Napoleon Bonaparte	Louis XIV.
King Philip	Charles II.
Louis Philippe	Richard III.
Queen Elizabeth	Mary Queen of Scots

This is really the opportunity of a lifetime. You incur no obligation and it costs you nothing to investigate the greatest book bargain ever offered.

Harper's History Club

8 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.

## WE RECOMMEND THE SPECIAL LIBRARY BINDING.

## Partly Paid Book Coupon

Harper's History Club, 8 Washington Pl., New York

You may send me for inspection and approval one set of the MAKERS OF HISTORY.

32 volumes, bound in the style indicated by having the "X" beside it

Cloth Binding (Regular price \$32 per set). I will pay for same if I decide to keep the books as follows: 50 cents after I examine them, and \$1.00 a month for fifteen months.

Special Library Binding (Regular price \$48 per set). I will pay for same, if I decide to keep the books, as follows: 50 cents after I examine them, and \$1.50 a month for fifteen months.

It is understood you send me upon approval, the "Makers of History," in 32 volumes, and if I decide not to keep the books I am to return them to you, charges collect.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY OR TOWN \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

A. S. M.—1-14-'06



## MAGIC of SURGERY

Continued from page 3

the terrible conflict was in progress, has given the world definite information regarding the marvelous, we might almost say magical, methods by which the camps were protected from epidemics and the general health of the vast armies afield maintained. He has supplied us with trustworthy figures, proving the efficacy of modern aseptic treatment.

War is much more humane to-day than it was forty years ago, when the people of the North and South were killing one another. Here also improved surgery has much to do with the high ratio of recoveries from modern gunshot injuries. The Mauser and other weapons of high velocity and long range use missiles of small caliber that wound rather than kill. They are as effective as the old Minié ball that flared out when discharged and left a large and ragged wound of exit, because they render the man *hors de combat* and make him an object of charitable attention for his more fortunate comrades.

Although abdominal surgery is of American origin—because Ephraim McDowell of Kentucky first successfully performed it—the Japanese carried its most successful practice into their great army hospitals at Sasebo and elsewhere in treating gunshot wounds with all the more recent improvements in operative procedure. The next step in the direction of progressive humanitarianism in war may possibly be that of making the hitherto deadly missiles absolutely sterile and incapable in themselves of producing wound infection.

What has vivisection done for science? It is a ticklish subject to discuss, in view of the opposition felt to its employment for scientific research; but the human race has been benefited almost beyond the power of description by the investigations that its use has made possible.

There is no argument whatever in the charge that vivisection is cruel. The trend of the profession has always been to perform all such operations without causing pain to the animals. The birds of the air and the creatures of the woods or fields always have been the prey of the human species. Life might be sustained by the products of agriculture: theoretically, the eating of flesh, fish or fowl is not imperative. Yet the life of a vegetarian hasn't much to commend it to a practical mind. If animals must die to sustain life, what possible objection can there be to their proper sacrifice in the interests of a nobler purpose than the filling of our stomachs? Even vaccination has been condemned by some on the absurd presumption that the inoculation of the cow causes her much torture; but the almost universal acceptance of vaccination has been followed by the practical disappearance of one of the most terrible scourges, one that ravaged this earth for thousands of years. The circulation of the blood was discovered during an operation upon an animal.

Countless like instances might be cited, but the main objection to vivisection as now practised is centered in the lack of appreciation of its real and abiding benefits. What, for instance, would we have known of the wonderful efficacy of diphtheria antitoxin, save by animal experimentation?

Above all things, medicine is a humane profession. It is absurd to assert or assume that cruelty can have any part in the sacrifice of animal life for the cause of humanity. Nothing is gained by science by the mere infliction of pain or other suffering. The very idea of such a possibility is especially abhorrent to men whose high mission is to alleviate agony in every form. If it is considered necessary to kill the animal, it has no more suffering than the subject of a surgical operation, and it is vouchsafed a painless death during anesthesia. The only justification is in properly and humanely adapting the means to the end. In all questions pertaining to the betterment of mankind, if sacrifices are

## DIVIDENDS INCREASING

## GUARANTEE AGAIN EXCEEDED

- 8% Dividends Guaranteed.
- 10% Actually Paid Last Fiscal Year.
- 10% or More To Be Paid This Fiscal Year.
- 22% Yearly Estimated After Seven Years—on Full Development of the Property.

The earnings of this Company have been so satisfactory that a special extra dividend of 2% has been declared payable Jan. 31, 1906. This is in excess of the 8% guaranteed, payable semi-annually—4% April 1st and 4% Oct. 1st, 1906.



Great progress is being made in the development of our plantation in Mexico. A large acreage will be cultivated this year. This month 8,000 orange trees, 1,000 lemon trees, 1,000 pineapple trees and 5,000 grape-fruit trees are being planted. Modern machinery has been installed for a complete wood-turning plant to make handles for axes and other tools; also wagon parts—spokes, hubs, felloes, etc. This is the first establishment of the kind in Mexico, as the Mexicans make such things by hand. Three hundred more laborers were put to work in December; others were added in January. Another cargo of mahogany will be shipped soon. Four shiploads received; the last arrived Nov. 20, 1905.

## Remember These Facts:

**Dividends**—8% guaranteed—22% estimated when property is fully developed. That is, we figure the fourteen acres represented by each share will produce \$66 a year (or \$4.70 per acre), which is 22% of par value of stock.

**Security**—288,000 acres of land; over \$10,000,000 worth (New York prices) of cabinet lumber and dye woods; 250,000 full-grown chicle trees; nearly 1,000,000 henequen plants; 60,000 full-grown rubber trees; 1,800 head cattle; 250 oxen; 200 mules; horses; swine; 27-mile railroad and equipment; 200 dwellings, church, school-house, and manufacturing establishments. All free of encumbrance and deeded in trust for stockholders' protection to a Philadelphia trust company.

**Management**—Our managers are experienced. One plantation they developed has paid a total of 45%; another 51%.

## Prices of Shares to be Raised \$50 Above Par

**Shares**—Limited number offered at par on instalments of \$5 per month per share. When this limited number is taken, price will be raised \$50 above par. Over 2,300 stockholders now; holdings range from one to 250 shares each. To secure shares at par, send \$5 at once or more (but not more than \$120) on each share wanted. Applications received before January 31, 1906, will participate in special extra dividend of 2%.

Full information, including booklet and map, sent on application.

## OFFICERS

President, WM. H. ARMSTRONG,  
Ex-U. S. Railroad Commissioner, Phila., Pa.  
Vice-President, COL. A. K. MCCLURE,  
Ex-Editor Times, Phila., Pa.  
Secretary and Treasurer, C. M. MCMAHON,  
Phila., Pa.  
Counsel, A. L. WANAMAKER, Phila., Pa.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Consists of officers and  
H. A. MERRILL,  
President City National Bank, Mason City, Iowa.  
JOHN B. BARNES,  
Justice Supreme Court, Norfolk, Neb.  
VICTOR DUPONT, JR.,  
DuPont Powder Works, Wilmington, Del.  
A. G. STEWART,  
Attorney General of Porto Rico, San Juan, Porto Rico.

**International Lumber & Development Co.,**  
708 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

T. HILL MANSFIELDS  
CAPILLARIS

**Absolutely Cures All  
Scalp and Skin Diseases**  
Hundreds of thousands of sufferers have been permanently cured. All druggists, 50 cents.



## BE A RAILROAD MAN

and earn from \$60 to \$125 per month  
We teach you by mail for position of  
BRAKEMAN or FIREMAN  
Our instruction is practical; endorsed by  
railroad managers, and qualifies you for  
immediate employment. Instructors  
are all prominent railroad officials.  
Write for catalog. Begin study at once.  
Wenthe Ry. Corr. School, Dept 166 Freeport, Ill.

"How Nigel Loring Fought the Twisted  
Man of Shalford"

Next week's instalment of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's great romance now running in The Sunday Magazine section presents one of the most thrilling scenes in the story. The hero here falls in love with his heroine, and saves her sister Edith from the wiles of a titled but unprincipled hunchback villain. "Sir Nigel" is a story that is going to live in English literature.



## LE PAGE'S GLUE

Does not set quickly like the old style glue, and has four times the strength (Official test, 1 in. sq. hard pine butt, registered 1620 lbs. before parting). Used by the best mechanics and mfrs. the world over. Invaluable in household use, for Furniture, China, Ivory, Books, Leather, and wherever a strong adhesive is desired. 1 oz. bottle or collapsible self-sealing tube (retails 10c.) mailed for 12c. if your dealer hasn't our line.

LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE,  
2 oz. size retails 5c.; by mail, 10c.  
LE PAGE'S MUGILAGE,  
2 oz. size retails 5c.; by mail, 10c.

None genuine without This Label.  
RUSSIA CEMENT CO., 186 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

## LEARN TO KNIT

106 different articles that you can easily make are shown in the new **Columbia Book of Yarns** (6th edition). It explains the use and value of the various stitches and gives all other information in its 160 pages. Worth \$1 to any woman, but sold for 15 cents—at dealers' or by mail—to get you acquainted with **Columbia Yarns**. So fine and elastic that they go farther than others and colors are brilliant and lasting.

Look for the **Columbia** trade-mark on the label around every skein.

**Columbia Yarns, Philadelphia**



## Lawson's Book

With Portrait  
582  
pages

Dramatic story of **Frenzied Finance**, including 148 pages of "Lawson and His Critics," in which he reveals the corruption of the Three Big Life Insurance Companies. At all book-stores, or send \$1.50 to the publishers. The Ridgway-Thayer Company, Union Sq., New York City.

## FREE GOLD WATCH

This is a **STEM WIND** American in vogue watch, has **SOLID GOLD LAID CASE**, engraved on **BOTH SIDES**, correct in size, fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to Solid Gold Watch. **GUARANTEED 25 YEARS.** We give it **FREE** for selling 20 pieces of handsome 14c. Gold Jewelry at 10c each. Send address and we will send jewelry postpaid. When sold send \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch; also **GOLD LAID CHAIN**, Ladies' or Gents' Size. Write today. **RAND MFG. CO. DEPT. D 03 CHICAGO**

## 65 NEW SONGS for 10c

For 10 cents we will send you by return mail the songs: In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, Goodbye Sweet Marie, Always in the Way, Back to Baltimore, Teasing, Alexander, Goodbye Little Girl, He's My Pal, Mr. Boston, Lawson, Bunker Hill, Any Rags, Come Take a Trip in my Airship, Gotta Feelin' for You, Coax Me, Under the Anheuser Bush, Holy City, Hallelujah, Navajo, Bedella, Abraham, and 46 others just as good; also a list of 2000 other songs, \$1 Due Bill and a Gold Prize. ALL the above sent post paid for ten cents. **DRAXE MUSIC CO., Dept. 235, 610 Jackson St., CHICAGO.**

to be made, the lesser interests must always give way to the greater. We may mourn the wholesale slaughter of the mosquito on one hand and glory in the destruction of the yellow fever on the other. The difference between the life of a lower animal and an insignificant mosquito is only a question of degree, when good can come. There was enough at stake to tempt even some of the noble-hearted experimenters willingly to lay down their lives for others in that grand warfare of science against pestilence.

But consider what the self-sacrifice of these heroes has accomplished toward ridding the race of one of the most deadly foes to human life. Yellow fever has been devastating the cities and villages of the tropics for centuries. Now, science, although cruel, it is true, to the poor mosquito, has the upper hand of the situation, and with proper sanitary precautions there need be no more fear of yellow-fever epidemics than those of any other preventable maladies.

The hope and desire to save life, instead of destroying it with guns, has become international. It is the new scientific gospel of universal peace to man. What happens now? Cholera appears at Hamburg. The cable sends an announcement of the fact to every part of the world. A universal quarantine against Hamburg is instituted. The press of civilization, always in the van of progress, does its part. Volunteers step forth from the ranks of the medical profession, willing to go to the point of greatest danger to aid in checking the epidemic. Many of them never return; but those who do come back are charged with knowledge about the best methods of treatment, that will be imparted to their fellow-countrymen. Here the newspaper, that wonderful product of our time, reenters. Its columns are at the service of the leaders of the new crusade. Thus are the great masses of the people instructed against the introduction of the contagion, the preventive measures that are to be taken, and the lines of conduct in the event of its defiant approach from afar.

This was strikingly exemplified in the recent yellow-fever epidemic in New-Orleans. The press of the entire country promulgated the mosquito theory; the public alarm was quieted, efficient sanitation was intelligently established, and the scourge was promptly banished. The proper education of the public was at the bottom of the whole business.

The open-air treatment for tuberculosis has great promise in it, and is founded on the broad principle which applies to tuberculosis in general. So far the results have been gratifying not only in this country but abroad. By abundance of fresh air, outdoor life, good food and plenty of sunshine the general system is not only placed in the best possible condition to arrest the progress of the disease, but ultimately to promise an absolute cure. Here too as in other instances the conservative method of treatment appeals to surgery as against the more radical one of directly removing the diseased parts by exsection of joints and the like. Much as the triumph of surgery owes to the knife, it is always willing to yield to simpler methods of treatment when they give the faintest prospects of success. The main question always must be how one can avoid the performance of operation whenever such is possible.

As an illustration in point, take that of the substitution of intubation for tracheotomy. Before Maguire demonstrated the utility of the simple introduction of a tube through the mouth into the windpipe of a suffocating child suffering from diphtheria, the only other relief was by the cutting operation of tracheotomy. Now the latter procedure has been virtually abandoned, with a corresponding decrease of fatality.

Thus surgery is always glad to yield to medicine pure and simple when the latter is available. It is the preferable method of diplomacy against open war; but when all reasonably pacific measures fail there is only one dreadful alternative: "war to the knife."



## S I R N I G E L

Continued from page 6

and there, there was one who, looking at her strange, strong face, and at the passing gleams far down in her dark eyes, felt that this silent woman with her proud bearing and her queenly grace had in her something of strength, of reserve and of mystery which was more to them than all the dainty glitter of her sister.

Such were the ladies of Cosford toward whom Nigel Loring rode that night with doublet of Genoan velvet and the new white feather in his cap.

He had ridden over Thursley Rix past that old stone where in days gone by at the place of Thor the wild Saxons worshiped their war-god. Nigel looked at it with a wary eye and spurred Pommers onward as he passed it, for still it was said that wild fires danced round it on the moonless nights, and they who had ears for such things could hear the scream and sob of those whose lives had been ripped from them that the fiend might be honored. Thor's stone, Thor's jumps, Thor's punch-bowl—the whole country-side was one grim monument to the God of Battles, though the pious monks had changed his uncouth name for that of the Devil his father, so that it was the Devil's jumps and the Devil's punch-bowl of which they spoke. Nigel glanced back at the old gray boulder, and he felt for an instant a shudder pass through his stout heart. Was it the chill of the evening air, or was it that some inner voice had whispered to him of the day when he also might lie bound on such a rock and have such a blood-stained pagan crew howling around him.

An instant later the rock and his vague fear and all things else had passed from his mind, for there, down the yellow sandy path, the setting sun gleaming on her golden hair, her lithe figure bending and swaying with every heave of the cantering horse, was none other than the same fair Edith, whose face had come so often betwixt him and his sleep. His blood rushed hot to his face at the sight, for fearless of all else, his spirit was attracted and yet daunted by the delicate mystery of woman. To his pure and knightly soul not Edith alone, but every woman, sat high and aloof, enthroned and exalted, with a thousand mystic excellencies and virtues which raised her far above the rude world of man. There was joy in contact with them; and yet there was fear, fear lest his own unworthiness, his untrained tongue or rougher ways should in some way break rudely upon this delicate and tender thing. Such was his thought as the white horse cantered toward him; but a moment later his vague doubts were set at rest by the frank voice of the young girl, who waved her whip in merry greeting.

"Hail and well met, Nigel!" she cried. "Whither away this evening? Sure I am that it is not to see your friends of Cosford, for when did you ever don so brave a doublet for us? Come, Nigel, her name, that I may hate her forever!"

"Nay, Edith," said the young Squire, laughing back at the laughing girl. "I was indeed coming to Cosford."

"Then we shall ride back together, for I will go no farther. How think you that I am looking?"

Nigel's answer was in his eyes as he glanced at the fair flushed face, the golden hair, the sparkling eyes and the daintily graceful figure set off in a scarlet-and-black riding-dress. "You are as fair as ever, Edith."

"Oh, cold of speech! Surely you were bred for the cloisters and not for a lady's bower, Nigel. Had I asked such a question from young Sir George Brocas or the Squire of Fernhurst, he would have raved from here to Cosford. They are both more to my taste than you are, Nigel."

"It is the worse for me, Edith," said Nigel ruefully.

"Nay, but you must not lose heart."

"Have I not already lost it?" said he.

"That is better," she cried, laughing. "You can be quick enough when you choose, Master Malapert. But you are more fit to speak of high and weary matters with my sister Mary. She will have none of the prattle and courtesy of Sir George, and yet I love them well. But tell me, Nigel, why do you come to Cosford to-night?"

"To bid you farewell."

"Me alone?"

"Nay, Edith, you and your sister Mary and the good knight your father."

"Sir George would have said that he had come for me alone. Indeed you are but a poor courtier beside him. But is it true, Nigel, that you go to France?"

"Yes, Edith."

"It was so rumored after the King had been to Tilford. The story goes that the King goes to France and you in his train. Is that true?"

"Yes, Edith, it is true."

"Tell me, then, to what part you go, and when?"

"That, alas! I may not say."

"Oh, in sooth!" She tossed her fair head and rode onward in silence, with compressed lips and angry eyes.

Nigel glanced at her in surprise and dismay. "Surely, Edith," said he at last, "you have overmuch regard for my honor that you should wish me to break the word that I have given?"

"Your honor belongs to you, and my likings belong to me," said she. "You hold fast to the one, and I will do the same by the other."

They rode in silence through Thursley village. Then a thought came to her mind and in an instant her anger was forgotten and she was hot on a new scent.

"What would you do if I were injured, Nigel? I have heard my father say that small as you are there is no man in these parts could stand against you. Would you be my champion if I suffered wrong?"

"Surely I or any man of gentle blood would be the champion of any woman who had suffered wrong."

"You or any and I or any—what sort of speech is that? Is it a compliment, think you, to be mixed with a drove in that fashion? My question was of you

## Hammer the Hammer

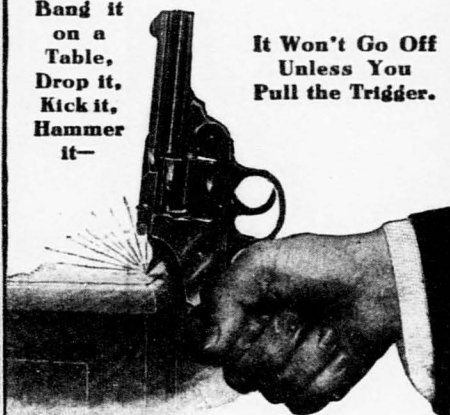
We figure that every man who makes this test, means an average of three new customers—himself and at least two of his friends.

If you want a revolver that will not go off by accident, then get an

## IVER JOHNSON

## SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Bang it on a Table, Drop it, Kick it, Hammer it—



It Won't Go Off Unless You Pull the Trigger.

Like all really great inventions, the Iver Johnson Safety Principle is very simple—the safety lever upon which the principle depends, is entirely inoperative except when the trigger is pulled—then it is raised and receives the revolver hammer's blow and transmits it to the firing pin. Simple, yet safe.

## Our Free Booklet, "Shots"

goes into every detail and explains why it is also accurate and reliable—gladly sent on request, together with our handsome catalogue.

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere.

Hammer, \$5.00 Hammerless, \$6.00

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS,

149 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office, 99 Chambers St.

Pacific Coast Branch, 114 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.

European Office, Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany.

No Fear of Accidental Discharge

Write for Catalog 9. Typewriter Emporium, 202 LaSalle St. Chicago

ALL MAKES

Typewriter Emporium, 202 LaSalle St. Chicago

## Vapo-Cresolene

(Established 1879)

"Cures While You Sleep"

**Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Diphtheria, Catarrh.**

Confidence can be placed in a remedy, which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once

Cresolene is a boon to asthmatics.

All Druggists.

Send postal for descriptive booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, at your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps.

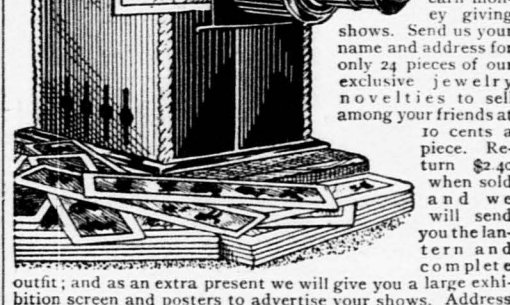
The Vapo-Cresolene Co. 180 Fulton St., N.Y. Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.



## MAGIC LANTERN FREE

EARN THIS AND GIVE SHOWS

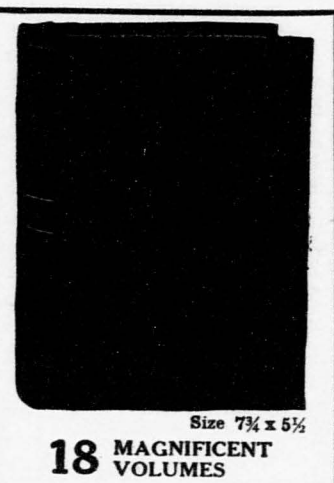
Boys and Girls, this is a Genuine Square Exhibition Lantern nearly a foot tall, perfectly made, handsomely lacquered in bright red with brass trimmings. It has strong adjustable double telescopic lenses, complete oil lamp, large door in back, metal slide holder. We give you a large assortment of colored slides which show new and bright pictures and you can earn money giving shows. Send us your name and address for only 24 pieces of our exclusive jewelry novelties to sell among your friends at 10 cents a piece. Return \$2.40 when sold and we will send you the lantern and complete outfit; and as an extra present we will give you a large exhibition screen and posters to advertise your shows. Address



COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO. East Boston, Mass.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE of Standard bred poultry for 1906, printed in beautiful colors, contains Fine Chromo, illustrates and describes 60 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. This book only 10 cents. B. H. GREIDER, RHEEMS, PA.

## SAMPLE VOLUME SETS



THIS most unusual Sample Volume Set Sale is the greatest book bargain ever offered. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to secure for little money on small monthly payments the finest set of books of its kind ever published.

During the past year we have upon request, sent to our customers sample volumes (to be returned) for the purpose of acquainting them with the books we are selling.

In this way we have been able to give our customers the opportunity of seeing one volume of a set of books, so that they could know just what the entire set was like in every respect.

This plan has been satisfactory to all, but of course we receive the sample volumes back.

These sample volumes are in first-class condition—in fact, just as good as new.

There is not one of our sample volumes that is more harmed than you would injure a book you borrowed from a friend and then returned it, yet they are not new goods and we cannot sell them at the regular prices.

Just now we have a special lot of 54 sample volume sets of a grand work, "The Library of Historical Romances." In fact, this set of books is the standard the world over for interest and instruction.

THE "LIBRARY OF HISTORICAL ROMANCES" are strong vivid stories as well as good history.

No set of books published reproduce so vividly the social life of the times they describe.

"Frederick the Great and His Court" is the most remarkable romance ever issued.

"Henry the Eighth and His Court" and "Joseph the Second and His Court" are marvels for interest and instruction.

"Sans Souci" and "The Merchant of Berlin" are unrivaled

in the entire domain of historical romance.

All classes are represented in these volumes as they lived and loved, thought and acted. Thus the human interest always prevails and has given this set of books enduring popularity.

Hundreds of historical characters are written about in these volumes, and their lives and actions are described in the most interesting style imaginable. In reading these romances one really feels they are a part of the time and the people they are reading about.

## HERE IS OUR SAMPLE VOLUME SET OFFER

Thousands of sets of "The Library of Historical Romances," 18 volumes, are sold every year. The price is \$40.00 a set, but we can offer you a complete set of 18 volumes, 17 new volumes and one sample volume, for a little more than one-third the regular price, and if you like you can pay for the books as follows: \$1.00 after examination and you have found them satisfactory and \$1.25 a month for 12 months.

This is a great bargain. The sets contain 17 new volumes and one sample volume that is just as good as new. If they were damaged we would not send them to you. It is our desire to please, not to offend you.

We guarantee that the sample volumes are in perfect condition. No more hurt in any way than they would be if we had sent them to you and after looking at them you had returned them to us.

Do not hesitate to send for the books. We will send them to you all delivery charges prepaid. Then you will know that what we have advertised is the truth, and we know you will appreciate this as the greatest of all book bargains.

This is a remarkable offer. Sign and mail now the sample volume set coupon. It costs you nothing to do so, and you can then see for yourself that these books are the biggest bargain you have ever heard of.

WE GUARANTEE these sets to be just as good as new. After examination of the books, if requested, we will accept check in full less 5 per cent.

A. L. FOWLE, 8 Washington Place, New York, N. Y.

## SAMPLE VOLUME SET COUPON

A. L. FOWLE,

8 Washington Place, New York

Dear Sir:

Send me on delivery, charges prepaid, one set of the

Library of Historical Romances

By MÜHLBACK, in 18 volumes, size 7 3/4 x 5 1/2 inches

bound in combination art cloths, red backs stamped in gold, with green sides. It is understood that 17 of the volumes are absolutely new and that the 18th volume is just as good as new. After examination of the books, if I decide to keep them I will send you \$1 and \$1.25 a month for twelve months. If I decide not to keep the books after seeing them I will return them, all charges collect.

Name.....

Address.....

A. S. M. J.



# CONSUMPTION

## Cured by Lung-Germine

Not just one case alone but hundreds of cases where all hope had been given up, where the hand of Death seemed to have forever closed upon them. We will send you hundreds of letters from every State in the Union, filled with grateful words of praise for Lung-Germine.

### READ THIS ONE.

Mr. Wm. Schmidt, of 1004 Coleman St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: I had Consumption in its worst form and was given up to die. One day I saw your ad. for Lung-Germine, I sent for it. Doctors and friends laughed at me, but I was determined to try this medicine as a last resort to save my life because I had a family of eight children to care for. To-day I am well and strong. If anyone has a doubt about this statement I am able to furnish proofs from different hospitals and doctors and other reliable men.

## Absolutely Guaranteed to Give Positive Relief Within 30 Days

Lung-Germine, the great germ destroyer, was discovered by an old German doctor-scientist and has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma and catarrh in Germany and in this Country.

It has stood the most rigid tests so often and so well, it has brought hope and life to so many hundreds who were afflicted with consumption and had lost all hope, and it has proven its supreme value in destroying Tuberculosis germs in so many, many cases that it is used today and recommended by numerous large institutions and sanitariums. And positive proofs of all these facts we will give to you freely.

If you have consumption or any of its symptoms, coughing and hawking continually, spitting yellow and black matter, bleeding from the lungs, weak voice, flat chest, night sweats, flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of flesh, etc.

You may have a FREE trial treatment sent you at once, together with a booklet on the treatment and care of consumption by simply sending in your name.

### Don't Delay—Write Today

Your life may be at stake. Your letter may save you months of torturing illness and prolong your life to a good old age. To wait means too late in many cases. Will you be one of these?

Lung-Germine Co., 25 Weber Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

# DEAFNESS CURED

## I Have Made the Most Marvelous Discovery for the Positive Cure of Deafness and Head Noises.

With This Wonderful Scientific Discovery I Have, in a Few Minutes, Made People Who Had Been Deaf for Years Hear the Tick of a Watch.

Send Me No Money—Simply Write Me About Your Case and I Send You by Return Mail Absolutely Free a Full Description of a Heav'n-Sent Discovery That Cures Deafness.

My cured patients are my best references.

After years of research along lines of deep scientific study, both in America and Europe, I have found the cause and cure of deafness and head noises, and I have been enabled by this exclusive knowledge and power to give to many unfortunate and suffering persons perfect hearing again; and I say to those who have thrown away their money on cheap apparatus, salves, air pumps, washes, douches, and the list of innumerable trash that is offered the public through flaming advertisements. I can and will cure to stay cured. What I have done for others I can do for you. My method is one that is so simple it can be used in your own home. It seems to make no difference with this marvelous new method how long you have been deaf nor what caused your deafness this new treatment will restore hearing quickly and permanently. No matter how many remedies have failed you—no matter how many doctors have pronounced your case hopeless, this new infallible method of treatment will cure. I prove this to your entire satisfaction before you pay a cent for it. Write today and I will send you full information absolutely free by return mail. Address Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 97 Bank Building, Peoria, Ill. Remember, send no money—simply your name and address. You will receive an immediate answer and full information by return mail.

**MOKO** 3 drops of MOKO gives instant relief, and you'll rest better the first night. **MOKO IS NOT FREE** Complete, guaranteed cure, costs \$5. Only 2 down. Whole treatment to you on receipt of \$4, and your promise to pay the \$4 balance when cured, also give a testimonial of your cure, and the name of one Asthmatic sufferer who has been cured absolutely.

**ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED** No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U.S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. Prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M.D.** Dept. C, American Express Building, Chicago.

**FREE FROM HEADACHES** Almost instantly, after taking one of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. No bad after-effects. Soothe the nerves—stop the pain. Money back from druggist, if it fails. 25 doses, 25 cents.

and me. If I were wronged would you be my man?"

"Try me and see, Edith!"

"Then I will do so, Nigel. Either Sir George Brocas or the Squire of Fernhurst would gladly do what I ask, and yet I am of a mind, Nigel, to turn to you."

"I pray you to tell me what it is."

"You know Paul de la Fosse of Shalford?"

"You mean the small man with the twisted back?"

"He is no smaller than yourself, Nigel, and as to his back there are many folk that I know who would be glad to have his face."

"Nay, I am no judge of that, and I spoke out of no discourtesy. What of the man?"

"He has flouted me, Nigel, and I would have revenge."

"What—on that poor twisted creature?"

"I tell you that he has flouted me!"

"But how?"

"I would have thought that a true cavalier would have flown to my aid, withouten all these questions. But I will tell you, since I needs must. Know then that he was one of those who came around me and professed to be my own. Then, merely because he thought that there were others who were as dear to me as himself he left me, and now he pays court to Maude Twynham, the little freckle-faced hussy in his village."

"But how has this hurt you, since he was no man of thine?"

"He was one of my men, was he not? And he has made game of me to his wench. He has told her things about me. He has made me foolish in her eyes. Yes, yes, I can read it in her saffron face and in her watery eyes when we meet at the church door on Sundays. She smiles—yes, smiles at me! Nigel, go to him! Do not slay him, nor even wound him, but lay his face open with thy riding-whip, and then come back to me and tell me how I can serve you."

Nigel's face was haggard with the strife within, for desire ran hot in every vein, and yet reason shrank with horror. "By Saint Paul! Edith," he cried, "I see no honor nor advancement of any sort in this thing which you have asked me to do. Is it for me to strike one who is no better than a cripple? For my manhood I could not do such a deed, and I pray you, dear lady, that you will set me some other task."

Her eyes flashed at him in contempt. "And you are a man-at-arms!" she cried, laughing in bitter scorn. "You are afraid of a little man who can scarce walk. Yes, yes, say what you will, I shall ever believe that you have heard of his skill at fence and of his great spirit, and that your heart has failed you! You are right, Nigel. He is indeed a perilous man. Had you done what I asked he would have slain you, and so you have shown your wisdom."

Nigel flushed and winced under the words, but he said no more, for his mind was fighting hard within him, striving to keep that high image of woman which seemed for a moment to totter on the edge of a fall. Together in silence, side by side, the little man and the stately woman, the yellow charger and the white jennet, passed up the sandy winding track with the gorse and the bracken head-high on either side. Soon a path branched off through a gateway marked with the boar-heads of the Buttethorns, and there was the low widespread house heavily timbered, loud with the barking of dogs. The ruddy Knight limped forth with outstretched hand and roaring voice:

"What how, Nigel! Good welcome and all hail! I had thought that you had given over poor friends like us, now that the King had made so much of you. The horses, varlets, or my crutch will be across you! Hush, Lydiard! Down, Pelamon! I can scarce hear my voice for your yelping. Mary, a cup of wine for young Squire Loring!"

She stood framed in the doorway, tall, mystic, silent, with strange, wistful face and deep soul shining in her dark, ques-

tioning eyes. Nigel kissed the hand that she held out, and all his faith in woman and his reverence came back to him as he looked at her. Her sister had slipped behind her and her fair elfish face smiled her forgiveness of Nigel over Mary's shoulder.

The Knight of Duplin leaned his weight upon the young man's arm and limped his way across the great high-roofed hall to his capacious oaken chair. "Come, come, the stool, Edith!" he cried. "As God is my help, that girl's mind swarms with gallants as a granary with rats. Well, Nigel, I hear strange tales of your spear-running at Tilford and of the visit of the King. How seemed he? And my old friend Chandos—many happy hours in the woodlands have we had together—and Manny too, he was ever a bold and a hard rider—what news of them all?"

Nigel told to the old Knight all that had occurred, saying little of his own success and much of his own failure, yet the eyes of the dark woman burned the brighter as she sat at her tapestry and listened.

Sir John followed the story with a running fire of oaths, prayers, thumps with his great fist and flourishes of his crutch. "Well, well, lad, you could scarce expect to hold your saddle against Manny, and you have carried yourself well. We are proud of you, Nigel, for you are our own man, reared in the heather country. But indeed I take shame that you are not more skilled in the mystery of the woods, seeing that I have had the teaching of you, and that no one in broad England is my master at the craft. I pray you to fill your cup again whilst I make use of the little time that is left to us."

And straightway the old Knight began a long and weary lecture upon the times of grace and when each beast and bird was seasonable, with many anecdotes, illustrations, warnings and exceptions, drawn from his own great experience. He spoke also of the several ranks and grades of the chase: how the hare, hart and boar must ever take precedence over the buck, the doe, the fox, the martin and the roe, even as a knight banneret does over a knight, while these in turn are of a higher class to the badger, the wildcat or the otter, who are but the common populace of the world of beasts. Of blood-stains also he spoke—how the skilled hunter may see at a glance if blood be dark and frothy, which means a mortal hurt, or thin and clear, which means that the arrow has struck a bone.

"By such signs," said he, "you will surely know whether to lay on the hounds and cast down the blinks which hinder the stricken deer in its flight. But above all I pray you, Nigel, to have a care in the use of the terms of the craft, lest you should make some blunder at table, so that those who are wiser may have the laugh of you, and we who love you may be shamed."

"Nay, Sir John," said Nigel. "I think that after your teaching I can hold my place with the others."

The old Knight shook his white head doubtfully. "There is so much to be learned that there is no one who can be said to know all," said he. "For example, Nigel, it is sooth that for every collection of beasts of the forest, and for every gathering of birds of the air, there is their own private name so that none may be confused with another."

"I know it, fair sir."

"You know it, Nigel, but you do not know each separate name, else are you a wiser man than I had thought you. In truth none can say that they know all, though I have myself picked off eighty and six for a wager at court, and it is said that the chief huntsman of the Duke of Burgundy has counted over a hundred—but it is in my mind that he may have found them as he went, for there was none to say him nay. Answer me now, lad, how would you say if you saw ten badgers together in the forest?"

"A cete of badgers, fair sir."

"Good, Nigel—good, by my faith! And if you walk in Woolmer Forest and

# Hydrozone

Cures

## Sore Throat

A Harmless Antiseptic.

Endorsed by the medical profession.

One 25c. Bottle, Free

to any one sending this advertisement with 10 cents to pay postage. Sold by Leading Druggists. Not genuine unless label bears my signature:

Good until Feb. 14, 1906. Only one sample to a family

*Charles H. Harchand*

R 63 Prince St., New York

Write for free booklet on Rational Treatment of Disease.

## Why Be So Thin?



Have you a perfectly developed figure? Can you wear low cut evening gowns or tight fitting, tailor-made suits with pride? If not we can help you permanently and will

### PROVE IT FREE

Just write saying "Send me full trial treatment and look, Beauty, the Figure and the Health" free of any cost to me." We send you charges paid enough of Dr. Whitney's Nerve and Flesh Builder to prove that it will develop the figure superbly, also permanently. I cause it directly nourishes the fat producing cells, these cells predominate where roundness of contour and fullness is absolutely necessary to make the perfect woman and their nourishment will give you the development you should have. Don't delay, write at once.

C. L. JONES CO., 143A Realty Building, Elmira, N.Y.

# Kilowart KILLS WARTS

A guaranteed cure for warts, external remedy, simple and harmless, will send you free of cost a pamphlet of testimonials, upon receipt of your address. **KILOWART MANUFACTURING CO.** 225 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

## FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE



An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold-Plated case, warranted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch, warranted for 25 years; also a Gold-Plated Ring set with a Sparkling Gem are given free to any one for selling only 20 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Send your name and address for Jewelry when sold send us the \$2 and Gold Watch and Ring. **COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.,** Dept. 29, East Boston, Mass.

## Darken Your Gray Hair



**DUBY'S OZARK HERBS** restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. **IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP.** Is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers. **PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT.** It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. **OZARK HERB CO.,** Block 33, St. Louis, Mo.

# RHEUMATISM

### \$1 TREATMENT ON TRIAL!

Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica and all pain in any part of the body. This trial test offer is made to all rheumatic sufferers, and you will surely regret it if you do not write us now. Today. Address: **REX RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY** Dept. 44, 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

### "Children Teething."

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents.

## The Southern California New Train.—Best Route.

The Los Angeles Limited, electric lighted, new from the Pullman shops, with all latest innovations for travel comfort, leaves Chicago 10:05 P. M. daily, arrives Los Angeles 4:45 P. M. third day. Solid through train via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line and The Salt Lake Route. For rates, sleeping car reservations and full particulars apply to your nearest agent or address W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. & N.-W. Ry., Chicago.

**CHEAP RATES.** California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We secure reduced rates on Household Goods to the above States for intending settlers. Write for rates. Map of California free. Trans-Continental Freight Company, 3355 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



## I Can Cure Consumption

I Have Cured Where Others Failed, and I Am Glad to Tell Any Sufferer How, Free.



I have proven consumption can be cured.—Dr. Rupert Wells.

I have succeeded in producing and perfecting a marvelous compound that has cured consumption in its worst stages as if by magic. The marvelous cures of hopeless cases prove to me beyond doubt that I have an absolute and positive cure for the deadly consumption, and I am glad to tell every sick and suffering person absolutely free how they can be cured. Write to-day. Delay is dangerous. It may be fatal. Tell me all about your case and I will tell you free how you can be cured.

My new treatment quickly restores health and strength and life. Mrs. Guenther, of Cincinnati, had consumption and was given up to die. On April 8, they read my advertisement and ordered my treatment, and it saved her life. On May 11, they wrote: "We have got her out of bed and learned her to walk again, which she did not do ten weeks." To-day she is doing her own house work—well and healthy as ever.

I am glad to tell every person suffering from true consumption, or tuberculosis in any form, how they can be cured. I have cured many hopeless cases and I want to send my remedy to every sick and suffering consumptive on the face of the earth. Write me to-day. It may be the means of saving your life. No matter if other doctors and remedies have failed, my marvelous remedy has cured. Address Dr. Rupert Wells, 709 Granite Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

**FREE GOLD WATCH**  
Our STEEL-WIND AMERICAN movement watch has SOLID GOLD LAIN CASE, ENGRAVED ON BOTH SIDES. Fully warranted timekeeper; of proper size, appears equal to SOLID GOLD WATCH GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. We give it FREE to Boys or Girls for selling 20 Jewelry articles at 10c. each. Send address and we will send Jewelry postpaid; when sold send \$2.00 and we will positively SEND watch EXACTLY AS DESCRIBED by return mail; also GOLD LAIN CHAIN, LADIES' or GENTS' STYLE. LIBERTY JEWEL CO. DEPT. D 77CHICAGO

see a swarm of foxes, how would you call it?"

"A skulk of foxes."

"And if they be lions?"

"Nay, fair sir, I am not like to meet several lions in Woolmer Forest."

"Aye, lad, but there are other forests besides Woolmer, and other lands besides England, and who can tell how far afield such a knight errant as Nigel of Tilford may go, when he sees worship to be won? We will say that you were in the deserts of Nubia, and that afterward at the court of the great Sultan you wished to say that you had seen several lions, which is the first beast of the chase, being the king of all animals. How then would you say it?"

Nigel scratched his head. "Surely, fair sir, I would be content to say that I had seen a number of lions, if indeed I could say aught after so wondrous an adventure."

"Nay, Nigel, a huntsman would have said that he had seen a pride of lions, and so proved that he knew the language of the chase. Now had it been boars instead of lions?"

"One says a singular of boars."

"And if they be swine?"

"Surely it is a herd of swine."

"Nay, nay, lad, it is indeed sad to see how little you know. Your hands, Nigel, were always better than your head. No man of gentle birth would speak of a herd of swine; that is the peasant speech. If you drive them it is a herd. If you hunt them it is other. What call you them then, Edith?"

"Nay, I know not," said the girl listlessly. A crumpled note brought in by a varlet was clenched in her right hand and her blue eyes looked afar into the deep shadows of the roof.

"But you can tell us, Mary?"

"Surely, sweet sir, one talks of a sounder of swine."

The old Knight laughed exultantly. "Here is a pupil who never brings me shame!" he cried. "Be it lore of chivalry or heraldry or woodcraft or what you will, I can always turn to Mary. Many a man can she put to the blush."

"Myself among them," said Nigel.

"Ah, lad, you are a Solomon to some of them. Hark ye! only last week that jack-fool, the young Lord of Brocas, was here talking of having seen a covey of pheasants in the wood. One such speech would have been the ruin of a young Squire at the court. How would you have said it, Nigel?"

"Surely, fair sir, it should be a nye of pheasants."

"Good, Nigel—a nye of pheasants, even as it is a gaggle of geese, or a badling of ducks, a fall of woodcock or a wisp of snipe. But a covey of pheasants! What sort of talk is that? I made him sit even where you are sitting, Nigel, and I

saw the bottom of two pots of Rhenish ere I let him up. Even then I fear that he had no great profit from his lesson, for he was casting his foolish eyes at Edith when he should have been turning his ears to her father. But where is the wench?"

"She hath gone forth, father."

"She ever doth go forth when there is a chance of learning aught that is useful indoors. But supper will soon be ready, and there is a boar's ham fresh from the forest with which I would ask your help, Nigel, and a side of venison from the King's own chase. The tinnemen and verderers have not forgotten me yet, and my larder is ever full. Blow three moots on the horn, Mary, that the varlets may set the table, for the growing shadow and my loosening belt warn me that it is time."

Copyright 1905, by A. Conan Doyle. Copyright in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

To be continued next Sunday

### Explanatory Notes

THE war in which Edward III., King of England, was then engaged is known as the Hundred Years War. It began in 1338, with Edward laying claim to the French throne—he was the son of Edward II. and Isabella of France. In 1360 he renounced the French crown, retaining four large Provinces; but subsequently in a war with Charles V. he lost all his possessions in France with the exception of Calais, Bordeaux and Bayonne. Prior to the French Wars King Edward espoused the cause of Edward de Baliol, who laid claim to the crown of Scotland on the death of Robert Bruce in 1329. In 1346 Edward defeated the Scots under David Bruce, who had finally wrested the crown from Baliol in 1342, but the vanquished maintained their independence.

The Prince mentioned in "Sir Nigel" is Edward "the Black Prince," son of Edward III. He was born in 1330 and died in 1376, a little more than a year before his father the King. It is a historical fact that Sir John Chandos saved the life of the Black Prince at the Battle of Poitiers, where in 1356 an English army of eight thousand defeated the French army of sixty thousand and took their King prisoner. But their greatest battle was that of Crécy, held to be one of the world's twelve most decisive battles, where in 1346 Edward with thirty to forty thousand defeated the French army of eighty thousand under Philip VI.

CAMAIL.—A hood of chain mail extending from the basinet or armor head-piece to the shoulders, or from the hauberk upward over the head.

SOILERETS.—The steel shoes forming the part of a coat of armor. Sole is derived from the same ancient root. The greave-plates covered the greaves or shins.

"Benedictus dominus deus meus qui docet manus meas ad praelium et digitos meos ad bellum." (Blessed be the Lord my God, who teacheth my hands to fight, and my fingers to war.)

MINIVER.—A spotted fur once in common use for lining or trimming. The name seems to have been taken from two old French words meaning little ermine.

DUPLIN.—A moor in Perthshire, Scotland, where in 1332 Edward Baliol defeated the Scottish Royalists under the Earl of Mar.

THOR.—The principal god of the ancient Scandinavians, and also the God of Thunder. Thor was the champion of the gods, and was worshiped as the God of Battles.

BLINKS.—Boughs thrown to turn aside deer from their course.

The tinnemen kept the hedges in the forest, and the verderers were officers charged with keeping the vert, that is the green, or trees and undergrowth.

### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

"SIR NIGEL" is a romantic tale of the loves and adventures of Nigel Loring, a young Englishman of heroic ancestry, who took up the sword to mend the fallen fortunes of his noble house the year after the great plague devastated England in the fourteenth century.

Nigel and his grandmother are the sole survivors of the family, and the Cistercian monks of Waverley Abbey are threatening to eject them from their meager possessions. Young Nigel openly opposes, and finally is forcibly taken prisoner to Waverley to be tried because he has thrown the summoner into a morass and destroyed some legal papers that were being served.

He is sentenced to bread and water for six weeks, with a daily exhortation from the chaplain. The indignant Squire defies the guards. Just as he is about to be shot down he is joined in his retreat by Samkin Aylward, a bowman. As the conflict is about to begin, Sir John Chandos, one of the most valiant knights of King Edward, arrives in search of Nigel, announcing that his majesty is coming to spend the night at his house.

The enmity of the monks is at once transformed into servility, and Nigel leaves in the company of Chandos, followed by Aylward, who determines to be in the young Squire's train.

The royal train draws near to the Loring mansion; but is halted near the river by Chandos, who points to an armored, mounted figure on the bridge, as he promises the King and knights some rare sport.

The knight on guard is Nigel in his father's huge suit of armor, offering to contest the right of the bridge with any member of the King's train. He defeats Widdicombe, Sir Walter Manny's Squire. Sir Hubert de Burgh next tries his skill, but his horse is frightened and runs away with him. Manny himself then goes against Nigel with such force that he knocks him from his horse. The head flies off of his armor and rolls away. The consternation of the party is pitiable until Nigel is discovered safely stowed in the lower part of the huge suit.

The dinner at the Lorings is interrupted by the arrival of Sir Aymery of Pavia, the Seneschal who was guarding the King's treasure at Calais. The King accuses him of attempting to barter away the treasure to the Knight de Chagny.

## How Deaf People are Made to Hear

Sound Magnifiers Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Sound Magnifiers? They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft

in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

The principal of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing should grow, because they rest up, and strengthen the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving thousands of Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 190 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving thousands of Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 190 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving thousands of Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 190 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and cured by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving thousands of Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 190 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

## DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE

WILL CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM

We want to prove this fact by sending you a sample without cost.

Ten years of successful use of this remedy in hospital and private practice by hundreds of physicians has demonstrated the fact that it removes the acid from the system, controls its formation, and dissolves recent deposits.

Remember it costs you nothing to try the remedy that gives sure results. Write today and we will mail you a trial box. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box, or by

The DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., 265 N. Main St., South Bend, Ind.

## I CURED MY RUPTURE

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE.

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 41 Watertown, N. Y.



"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—Utica Herald





# I Am the Paint Man

2 Full Gallons Free to Try—

6 Months Time to Pay.

I AM the paint man.

I have a new way of manufacturing and selling paints. It's unique—it's better.

Before my plan was invented paint was sold in two ways—either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter.

Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can.

The mineral in ready-mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The oil is the very life of all paints.

Paint made by the painter cannot be properly made on account of lack of the heavy mixing machine.

My paint is unlike any other paint in the world.

It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed.

My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oil, which is pure old process linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use two full gallons—that will cover 600 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, you can return the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one penny.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further.


I sell all of my paint on six months' time, if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

Back of my paint stands my Eight Year, officially signed, iron-clad Guarantee.

**NOTE—My 8 Year Guarantee**

**backed by \$50,000 Bond.**



**8 YEARS GUARANTEE**

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint. For further particulars regarding my plan for selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

I will send my paint book—the most complete book of its kind ever published—absolutely free. Also my instruction book entitled, "This Little Book Tells How to Paint," and copy of my 8 year guarantee.

*O. L. Chase*  
609 M. Locust St.,  
St. Louis, Mo. *The Paint Man.*

*An absolutely NEW IDEA in Women's Apparel*  
**The "Ready-to-Make" Idea**

To have each reader of this newspaper know for herself the benefits and the money-saving of the "Ready-to-Make" idea, we make these special offers:

**Ladies' and Misses' Street Gown of Arnold Broadcloth \$2.98**

This costume is an exclusive model: the waist buttons up the back; the sleeve is new; the skirt fits closely over the hips and is very full at the bottom, producing a charmingly graceful effect. When developed with hand embroidery, as illustrated, this style is the absolutely correct thing for the coming season. Arnold Broadcloth comes in 20 colors. Samples and self-measurement blank sent on request. See below.

**Ladies' and Misses' Kimono of Arnold Superfine Flannel \$1.48**

Cut to your own special measure and notched, ready to run up on your machine—just like a paper pattern, except that it's cut out of the cloth itself, with trimmings complete, guaranteed washable, in choice of six colorings in each of three dainty patterns. Samples and self-measurement blank sent free. See below.

**The Idea and its savings**

Every woman would prefer made-to-order garments to the ready-to-wear kind, everything else being equal. The trouble is, however, that between the ready-made and the made-to-order there has been a wide difference in cost, while between the ready-made and the made-at-home there have been three great obstacles: cutting, fitting and putting together properly. It has been said that nine women out of ten hesitate to put a pair of scissors into a piece of cloth. It is to this large class, who, preferring made-to-order garments but desiring to save the greatly increased charges of the professional dressmakers, and preferring also to make up their own garments in their own way, that the "Ready-to-Make" idea comes as a solution to the problem. Our "Ready-to-Make" garments are man-tailor-cut to your own special measurements, all ready for you to put together, with complete instructions so clear as to avoid all possibility of mistake. You save all risk of wasting the material by faulty cutting and you are guaranteed a perfect fit in every instance where you send us your correct measurements. Perfect satisfaction or your money back.

You will be interested also in our Fall Catalogue, mailed free, with Fall Styles and low prices on "Ready-to-Make" shirt waists, lounging gowns, matinee, under-vestings of every sort, children's and ladies' dresses, and particularly baby clothes in a fine assortment of excellent quality.

**The Ready-to-Make Garment Co.**  
259 Church St., New York

SENT FREE  
SECURELY  
PACKED TO  
PREVENT  
BREAKAGE  
OF GLASS  
SLIDES

## MAGIC LANTERN FREE!

**BOYS** send us your name and address for only 24 packages of **BLUINE** to sell among the neighbors at 10 cents a package, return our \$2.40, and we will send the **Magic Lantern and outfit** with full instructions, just as soon as your letter reaches us. You can easily sell the **BLUINE**, because every housewife uses it on wash day, and because almost everybody knows that it is the best washing bluing in the world.

**Sit right down now** and send us your name and address for the **BLUINE**. Mail your letter to

**BLUINE MFG. CO.**

338 MILL ST., CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.

**This is a perfect German Stereopticon, the largest ever given away.** It is nearly one and one-third feet tall.

The lamp burns either kerosene or lard oil. The adjustable lenses are double telescopic and they make very large, clear pictures.

We give with the lantern, 50 colored single pictures and two continuous moving picture slides. All the pictures are different

and all new; and we know that you will be delighted with them. We trust you with the **BLUINE**. If you return our money within 10 days after the receipt of the **BLUINE** we will send you free with the lantern 25 exhibition tickets and a large white exhibition screen so that you can make money giving shows and charging admission. Just say that you want the lantern and outfit and send your name and address to

**BLUINE MFG. CO.**

338 MILL STREET,

CONCORD JUNCTION,

MASS.

STATIONARY  
METAL  
LAMP

50  
Single  
and 2  
Moving  
Pictures  
Given.

ANY  
BOY CAN  
HAVE THIS  
LANTERN

(We are the Old Reliable Firm)



## "The Money Maker" Free

Send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you The Money Maker free for six months.

The Money Maker is a handsome little magazine devoted entirely to the field of investment. The January issue, just from the press, contains an article on "Systematic Saving" by the well known writer, Elliott Flower. It gives the most interesting facts concerning stocks, bonds and real estate. It will tell you how to invest your savings so that they will earn the largest possible profit, consistent with safety. If you are in a position to save and invest \$1 or more a week, you cannot afford not to read The Money Maker. It now goes to over 130,000 homes and, counting three readers to each copy, has over 390,000 readers.

If you want to save, invest and get ahead in the world, send for it to-day.

## "THE MONEY MAKER"

will tell you how, when and where you can make money. It exposes financial fakirs and tells the secrets of frenzied finance. It gives you market quotations on all listed and unlisted securities. It will advise you regarding the value of any stock you now hold or have been asked to buy. It will show you how banks take your money and pay you 3 or 4 per cent. and by using your money just as you could use it, pay dividends of from 20 to 100 per cent. It is full to the brim each month with money making information. It will keep the man with the dollars posted and will enable him to double his dollars.

**SEND FOR IT NOW**

If you want your money to make money, if you want to get ahead in the world, if you want to save and invest so that you can eventually gain independence, send us your name and address on a postal card to-day. We will send The Money Maker to you absolutely free for six months, and you will be under no obligation whatever.

**W. M. OSTRANDER, (Inc.)**

488 N. American Building,  
PHILADELPHIA





# SUNDAY MAGAZINE

OF *The Sunday Star* PART 3  
20 PAGES

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES, INCORPORATED.



Edith and Mary, — Sir Nigel, page 5.